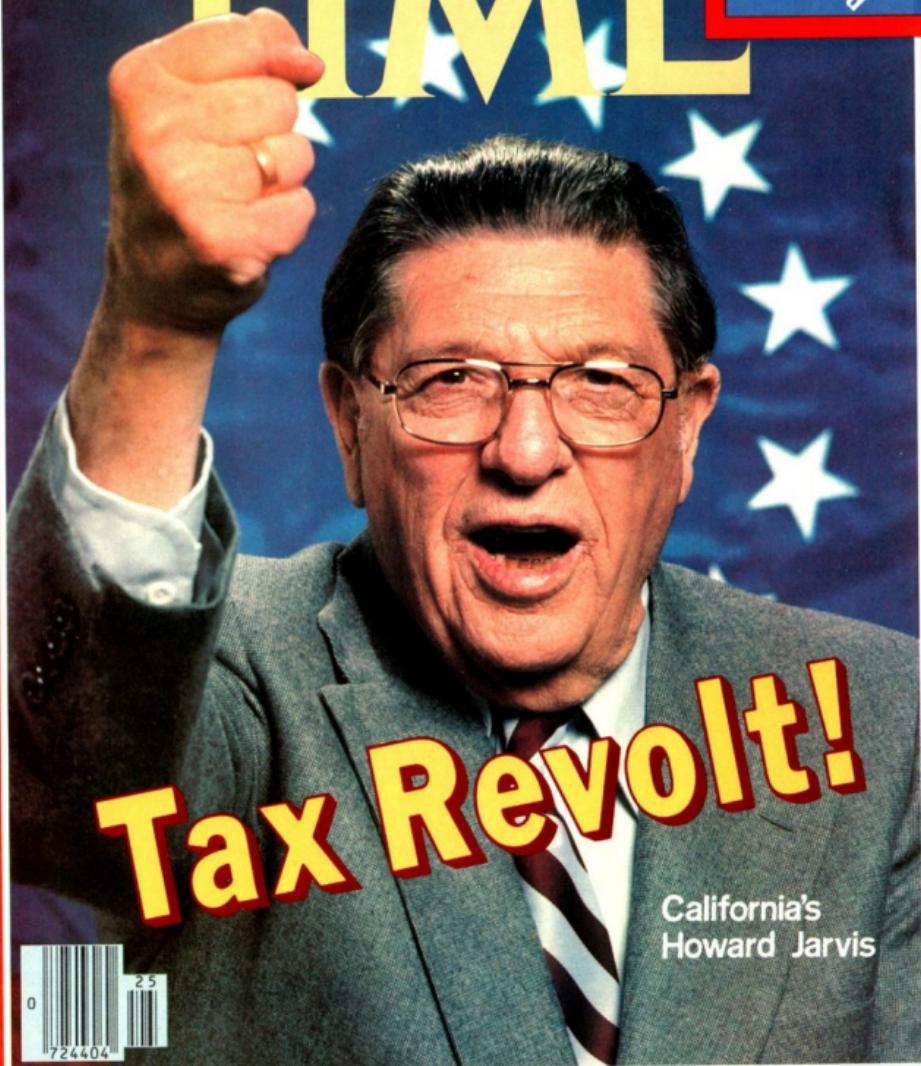


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Just throwing away municipal trash is a waste we can no longer afford. Because trash is rich in resources, most of which can be retrieved and sold profitably. And, besides, America's landfill areas are fast running out.

Municipal solid waste contains valuable steel (mainly food and beverage cans), other metals, glass and paper products.

Of all these materials, the easiest to recover for recycling is steel—because it's magnetic. Building an electromagnet into a resource recovery system is relatively inexpensive and can provide a quick return on the investment.

This is why many communities are now recovering steel magnetically and more will be later this year.

It pays in Baltimore County, Maryland

The Baltimore County and Maryland Environmental Service's modern resource recovery system processes 500 tons of solid waste daily. This year, they expect to magnetically retrieve about 140 million steel cans. The steel scrap is sold to a steel mill for recycling into new steel. And the revenue helps reduce the cost of solid waste disposal for the 680,000 people of the county.

It pays in Madison, Wisconsin

Madison's resource recovery system is a co-operative venture with a private company, which built and operates it for the city. The magnetically retrieved steel is sold to a "detinner" who extracts the tin and sells the steel for re-use. The city uses its share of the income to help hold the line on taxes.

It can pay in your community

Today's technology is making resource recovery work—and pay. If your community isn't now involved, it can't afford not to be much longer.

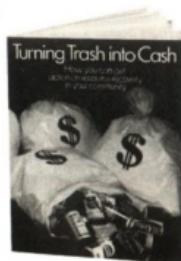
Not only does a modern resource recovery plant help pay its own way through the sale of recoverable materials for recycling,

it can dispose of virtually all of a municipality's solid waste. And it doesn't pollute land, air or water.

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A Letter from the Publisher

For this week's cover story on the California tax revolt and its national repercussions, TIME's correspondents and editors had to deal with a maze of figures about property taxes, assessments and the often stunning jump in real estate prices. For some correspondents, the statistics were academic and provoked only a mild incredulity. But for Los Angeles Bureau Chief William Rademaekers and Correspondent Joe Kane, the figures were a grim reality: as recent initiates to the California housing scene, they shared the experience and understood the bristling anger of many of the residents they interviewed.

Rademaekers had a typical Southern California tale of woe. Assigned to TIME's Los Angeles bureau last year, he immediately started house hunting. The experience, he says, was "much like wading gently into an acid bath—a surprising renewal of shock and agony at every turn." After a six-month search, he settled for a two-bedroom "cottage" in West Hollywood. The price: \$120,000. No sooner had he moved in and started feeding the gaping koi in his fish basin than he faced the prospect of having his \$3,700 property tax raised to well over \$5,000.



California Property Owners Rademaekers and Kane

For Kane, finding a place near Los Angeles last autumn was also traumatic. His choice: a four-bedroom ranch in the west San Fernando Valley, an hour's drive from the bureau. His house, for which he paid \$89,000, stands beside an identical one for which his neighbor paid \$29,950 in 1964. Without Proposition 13, Kane's taxes, now \$1,441, would probably have gone to \$3,565 after next year's assessments. Said Kane: "Even out here in the magic kingdom of Disneyland, a man's home is his castle. But that is no reason to tax it that way, especially when you have to gift wrap the trash to get it picked up."

All of this seemed a mite histrionic to TIME's Senior Writer Ed Magnuson, who wrote the story in New York. Magnuson has bought half a dozen houses in eight years, all of them among the granite and evergreen hills of New Hampshire. Each time, his wife Mae and a skilled craftsman have fixed up the homestead, to see it sold at a profit. Currently, the Magnusons reside in the town of New London, N.H., in a four-bedroom house for which they paid \$59,000 last autumn. The taxes are under \$800. Muses Magnuson: "Considering that New Hampshire has no sales tax or state income tax, I guess that's not too bad."

Jack Meyers

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Letters

Cauthen on Top

To the Editors:

Steve Cauthen [May 29] has the enduring qualities of a new national hero. He has shown us that the seemingly rare combination of youth, hard and honest work, love and true talent is alive, well and at the top.

Leslie E. McBain
San Leandro, Calif.

At 18 years, Steve Cauthen has put more energy and devotion into his career than most will in their lifetime. A born winner? Steve will be the first to tell you that there's just no such thing.

Alice C. Petersen
Seattle



Congratulations to Steve Cauthen for achieving the ultimate at age 18, but I think a little credit is due to the horse.

Cheryl T. Smith
Rockford, Ill.

With so few young heroes let alone old ones today, you had to obliterate the image by sticking that cigar in his mouth. Whoever was responsible for that one should be kicked by Affirmed.

Shirley J. Crenshaw
Sheridan, Ore.

Zaire Invasion

The wanton and brutal murder of unarmed white civilian women and children in Zaire [May 29] should give all the liberal do-gooders, who are blindly supporting the black terrorists and advocating black majority rule for South Africa and Rhodesia, cause for concern.

Ed Crawford
Gaithersburg, Md.

Despite our post-Viet Nam aversion to direct military involvement of any sort, the Zaire invasion by Marxist rebels seems another oblique push from Mother Russia, and one which will necessitate

action if similar activities continue to occur. The question is when will Jimmy Carter draw the line on this conspicuous, albeit indirect, Soviet expansionism?

John W. Langstaff
Tampa, Fla.

Plane Vote

I salute Senator Abraham Ribicoff for his courageous stand in voting for the warplane package [May 29] against a pressure-packed Jewish lobby.

Senators Javits and Church certainly showed their true colors. Little wonder the polls reflect a great distrust of politicians: our Senate deserves better.

Frank J. Toney
Tampa, Fla.

Speaking from the standpoint of a Jew, I can only say after reading about Abe Ribicoff's fight for Carter's Middle East plane package: With Jews like him, who needs anti-Semites?

Elizabeth Rogers
San Carlos, Calif.

The '60s

Writer Donald Morrison must have been on Mars during the '60s to describe that period as "a simpler age of love, peace and tolerance" [May 22].

Anyone who observed the total hostility and hatred of many of the antiwar element directed against those who disagreed with their views, or remembers the violence and destruction in the name of peace knows the '60s were not an age of "peace, love or tolerance."

Phil Jenkins
Orange Park, Fla.

Although I am too young to remember 1968, I envy the many who were part of, as you put it, "the strange cats in flower, beads and headbands." Just as any grandmother or grandfather will tell you that their best days were spent during the Depression, anyone who was 18 and living it up in 1968 will tell you they spent their better days at this time.

B.C. Robbins
Ballston Spa, N.Y.

Bisexual Yankee?

The Connecticut legislature has tried hard to be nonexistent when it changed the word girls to folks in its new state song, *Yankee Doodle* [May 29]. The lyric "and with the girls be handy" has always conjured up the picture of Yankee Doodle as something of a ladies' man. What is he now, bisexual? I didn't think Connecticut was that liberal.

Dennis Frazier
Evansville, Ind.

In response to "The Trivial State of the States," I am somewhat heartened by Frank Trippett's observation that our

legislatures are doing so little. It is pure folly to believe that more legislation is needed to protect our freedoms. New laws will only destroy the few frail freedoms that we have left.

Perhaps men are, at last, prepared for that government that governs not at all.

Philip Bauman
New York City

The fact that TIME never bothers to cover any of the creative and innovative efforts of state legislatures does not mean that they do not exist.

In Vermont, at least, we have spent far more time on these than on resolutions and state insect debates. We have not been willing to wait for Congress to solve all our problems, and have taken major steps on our own in land-use planning, environmental protection and meeting social needs.

Will Hunter, State Representative
Vermont House of Representatives
Montpelier, Vt.

The Face on the Coin

The most logical face for the coin dollar [May 29] is the wife of the man on the paper dollar. Let's give some credit to Martha, the very First Lady.

After all, she was the woman behind a great man.

Karol Fredricks
San Bruno, Calif.

A picture of Miss Liberty on the coin sounds like expensive nonsense. Let it be somebody sensible. And instead of IN GOD WE TRUST, engrave WOMEN CAN CHANGE THE WORLD.

Margaret W. Tuttle
Martha's Vineyard, Mass.

Considering how the spendthrift bureaucrats and politicians have prostituted it, there is no one more suitable than the queen madam, Polly Adler, for the proposed metallic dollar.

Glover Hendrickson
Newbury Park, Calif.

Quotas

In the interest of Mr. Bakke [May 29] and those like him, I am perplexed by exactly what constitutes a minority or underprivileged person.

If Mr. Bakke is defeated and this ridiculous trend continues, I plan to apply to graduate school this fall as an Irish American woman, emotionally, culturally, and financially deprived by ancestors who lived through the potato famine—that will give me the best chance to make it in the top ten.

Mary Beth Dugan
Hartland, Wis.

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Heading south in a blow, the S.S. Arco Anchorage takes heavy seas across her deck

American Scene

In Alaska: An Oil Tanker Sails

At night from the summit overlooking the harbor, there is a stunning view of cold, moonlit mountains bending down to a deep bowl of dark water: Valdez Harbor, Alaska, the end of the endlessly fought-over trans-Alaska pipeline. Far below sits a cluster of shark-shaped storage tanks. Pairs of fat aluminum pipes stretch toward shipping berths 500 yds. out from shore at the tip of long, brightly lit piers. At one berth, the black shape of a tanker lies like a beached whale being fed intravenously. The tanker is hooked to four hydraulically powered feeder lines. All night long it will suck crude oil out of these cold mountains for the lamps and fires of America.

The ship is named the S.S. *Arco Anchorage*, and it leaves at dawn for Long Beach, Calif., carrying 120,000 tons of oil. Outside the harbor's "narrow," a glitter of orange lights signals the impatience of the 800-ft.-long, 71,500-ton *Exxon New Orleans*, waiting its turn at the spigot. Though they are less than half as big as the Ultra-Large Carriers (ULCCs), both ships are Leviathans of 20th century technology: supersized carriers of an increasingly scarce resource. They are also dinosaurs. When the oil is gone, or is replaced as an energy source, these tankers will follow it into history's technological dustbin. Thereafter, nothing to be carried between continents in the foreseeable future seems likely to require supertankers.

Daylight breaks early this time of year. Shortly after 3 a.m., wintry light

quickly overtakes the fishing village of Valdez. On Good Friday of 1964, an 8.4-scale earthquake killed 31 people and forced the town to relocate. Then came a cultural and economic upheaval caused by the pipeline. Nearly 4,000 construction workers and \$150-per-hour prostitutes swiftly turned Valdez into a rollicking boomtown. Life is calmer now. The construction workers have left, and the tanker trade has created lucrative permanent jobs. Valdez has a modern high school to show for its troubles and a small, gleaming new hospital to serve its 4,500 inhabitants. Doubtless in response to environmentalists' protest, the eight-member consortium that runs the terminal takes great care to maintain a freshly scrubbed, spill-conscious image. Sea lions play in the water alongside the piers, salmon and herring run in season, and 24-hour emergency crews stand by to contain spills with floating booms, chemicals and scooping devices. Since tankers began arriving last year, about 20 bbl. of oil have been spilled. Two hundred fifty million bbl. have been shipped out. Still, nature and technology do collide here. No one questions that.

As daylight spreads through the harbor's amphitheater, Captain Tom DeTemple, 62, the flinty master of *Anchorage*, is fretting to be gone. Her chief mate, Harvey Portz, 28, is wrestling with a trimming problem. "She starts to list a little. I pinch down on it," he says in an amiable nasal twang, propping his boots on



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American Scene

a big console overgrown with gauges and dials in the ship's cargo-control room. "She's trim by the stern now, but I'll have the draft more forward when we leave. Out to sea, I'll pull in the ballast, and she'll be flat." Translation: Portz is monitoring the 106,000-bbl.-per-hour rush of crude oil into 13 separate storage tanks, some big enough for full-court basketball. The ship must settle on an even keel, yet the tanks cannot be filled simultaneously because it could lead to spills. Portz has to route, or "pinch," the flow back and forth to maintain a rough equilibrium. "Right now you've got to avoid having everything top off at once," he concludes in mixed landlubber jargon. "It's like filling a lot of bathtubs. You have to keep them from running over."

As the 7 a.m. departure approaches, 33 crew members on deck and below are beginning their duties. The surprisingly clean engine room, below and aft, is bigger than the devil's furnace in a fevered imagination. Ship's engineers are checking giant boilers and huge cooling systems that support the 23,500-h.p. turning of a 64-ton propeller. In the galley, blonde, green-eyed Karen Honold, 20, an assistant cook who looks like a movie starlet and makes \$906 a month (not counting overtime), is baking a chocolate cake. On the bridge, Captain DeTemple is stalking about in conventional irritation at having to share his command with Harbor Pilot Jim Hurd, the curly-headed Alaskan in charge of maneuvering *Anchorage* through the narrows. With a tug's help we get under way. Thirty minutes out Hurd calls for a hard left turn, followed by mildly tricky navigation past a needle-shaped island named Middle Rock. The channel is close to a half-mile wide, one of the safest in the world. But even so there is obvious danger as the icy gauntlet of mountains seems to close in around us. "You want to be lined up right," Hurd explains with a smile, "or you get all bent out of shape." Translation: if the helmsman is not careful, the tanker's enormous weight and inertia will make it keep on turning long after it should have straightened out on a new course.

At sea *Anchorage*'s keel rides 52 ft. below the surface like the bottom of a rogue iceberg. Imagine a seven-story office building a block long filled with crude oil, and a sense of the economic and environmental impact of an average supertanker comes clear. A single trip south is worth \$11 million to Arco. Refined, this one load could fuel 20,000 cars and heat 6,000 average-size houses for a year. If spilled, it would foul hundreds of miles of coastal beach, kill unbelievable amounts of sea life. Either way, the stakes are high.

When the weather is good, the days at sea are soon as alike as shuffled cards. The ship's engines throb. Work and sleep are punctuated by overstuffed meals, paperback novels and video tapes of old movies, shown in the crew lounge. Each morn-

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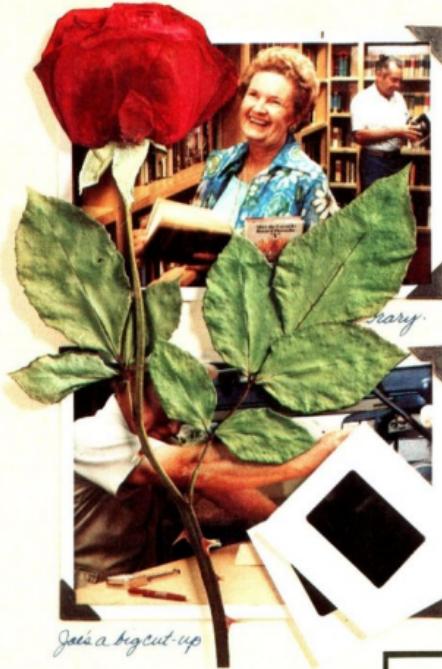
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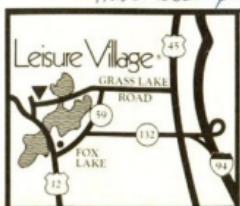


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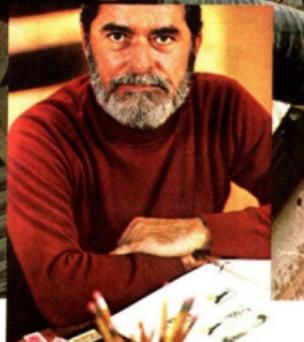
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American Scene

ing half a dozen sleek brown albatrosses cruise behind *Anchorage*. At a certain place near the bow, the muffled, somehow threatening roar of oil moving in its underwater caves comes to the ear. Always, the ship's bridge is where to be. Nesting several stories above the deck, the size of a Manhattan penthouse, Tom DeTemple's working headquarters is a place of polished wood, shined brass-work, studded with radar and sonar devices, charts, gyroscopes and a coffee pot perking away near a portside window. The vast flat deck stretches out before it like an abstract canvas. Gray pipelines crisscross its surface like giant pencil strokes. Darker intrusions of color are provided by pump terminals, winches and a spare propeller strapped to the deck like a small flying saucer.

But Alaskan sea weather is notoriously perverse: gale winds, huge swells are common south of Valdez, and when they begin, as they always do, the ship's roll can pitch sailors out of beds and chairs. Al Scara, 26, a young maritime-school graduate from New Jersey, instructs me in coping: "You put one side of your mattress against the bulkhead. Your life pre-



Cook Carlos Gutierrez and Assistant Karen Honold stir up supper

Imagine a seven-story building long filled with crude oil.

server props up the other. Then you jump in the middle like a hot dog in a roll." On a previous run, a seven-month-old kitten named Scuttlebutt was playing in a doorway when *Anchorage* rolled heavily and the door slammed like a guillotine, slicing off its tail. The tail has been preserved for observation in a desk drawer.

On the second night, the waves crest to 40 ft. The winds reach 80 m.p.h. In our cabin a rollaway cot gets loose and careens back and forth for hours, giving my

cabinmate a severe case of "porcelain worship"—what the *Anchorage* crew calls seasickness. The tanker is rocking like a huge cradle. Spray explodes over the deck in big phosphorescent clouds. Each time the ship hits a strong swell head on, a perceptible shudder passes through its hull. And each time sailors at work and play are reminded that tankers do break up. "When you see the bow waving at you," intoned Seaman Frank Kelley, 23, "you worry."

The waters are calmer next day. The crew's TV set is picking up reassuring local news and Johnny Carson's monologues from stations in Oregon and northern California. We reach Long Beach on a sunny, fool's-gold Friday morning six days out of Valdez. On an ebbing tide *Anchorage*'s massive hull clears the harbor entrance by just 15 ft. We are back in the industrial world that requires supertankers: dirty waterways filled with shoulder-to-shoulder freighters and loading docks; land crowded with gasoline pumps, warehouses and waiting trucks. Those icy mountains reflected in the surface of Valdez Harbor seem very faraway.

—James Willwerth

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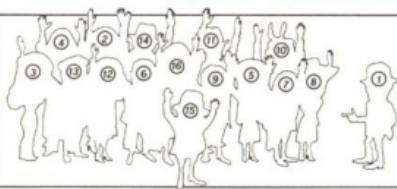
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⑤ STOCKARD CHANNING	⑬ PHIL SILVERS
⑥ JAMES COCO	⑭ ABE VIGODA
⑦ DOM DELUISE	⑮ PAUL WILLIAMS
⑧ LOUISE FLETCHER	⑯ NICOL WILLIAMSON

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Music by PATRICK WILLIAMS • Director of Photography JOHN A. ALONZO, A. S. C. • Written by NEIL SIMON

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To Dad
From
Janet

Nation

TIME/JUNE 19, 1978

COVER STORY

Sound and Fury over Taxes

Howard Jarvis and the voters send a message: "We're mad as hell!"



That sound roaring out of the West—what was it? A California earthquake? A Pacific tidal wave threatening to sweep across the country? Literally, it was neither; figuratively, it was both. That angry noise was the sound of a middle class tax revolt erupting, and its tremors are shaking public officials from Sacramento to Washington, D.C. Suddenly all kinds of candidates in election year 1978 are joining the chorus of seductive antitax sentiment, assailing high taxes, inflation and government spending.

The full significance of the revolt—and it is nothing less than that—was made plain by the magnitude of the victory won by proponents of California's now famous, or infamous, Proposition 13: 4.2 million voters supported the measure, overwhelming by nearly 2 to 1 the 2.3 million who refused to go along. It was as though millions of the state's taxpayers had thrown open their windows like the fed-up characters in the movie *Network* and shouted in thunderous unison: "I'm mad as hell—and I'm not going to take it any more!"

What the nation's most populous state last week refused to accept was the soaring, inflation-fueled rise in its property taxes. In the most radical slash in property taxes since Depression days, Californians voted themselves a 57% cut—more than \$7 billion—in the levy that hurts them most, the tax on the rising value of their homes. Ignoring warnings that schools may not be able to educate, libraries may close and crime rates may climb, the voters further decreed that any local tax hereafter may increase no more than 2% a year—substantially less than the anticipated hikes in the cost of living.

California was the epicenter of the tax-quake, but there were Richter Scale readings nearly everywhere. On the same Tuesday that Proposition 13 swept to victory, taxpayers in Ohio turned down 86 of 139 school tax levies, including emergency outlays designed to save public schools in Cleveland and Columbus from bankruptcy. Conservative candidates for the U.S. Senate won victories in Iowa and New Jersey by campaigning hard for tax cuts. Twenty-three state legislatures have called for an unprecedented constitutional convention to weigh an amendment requiring the Federal Government to operate on a balanced budget. Limits on state and local spending have been enacted in three states (Colorado, New Jersey and Tennessee), and efforts to clamp on similar lids are under way in 19 others. And Howard Jarvis, the crusty curmudgeon who spearheaded the California tax revolt, has already been asked to carry his crusade to 40 states.

He will get a warm welcome. Tax foes elsewhere are smoldering in anger and frustration—not only at the ever bigger

bites being taken out of their pocketbooks but also at what they see as more waste and fewer services from government.

"The people are up in arms," said Illinois Republican State Representative Don Totten. "They're telling government to stop and get out of our lives." Said Democratic Congressman Jim Jones of Oklahoma, who is trying to shepherd a \$15 billion tax-cut program through the House: "Those middle-income folks at \$10,000 to \$30,000 are on the verge of revolt. They want tax relief—and they want

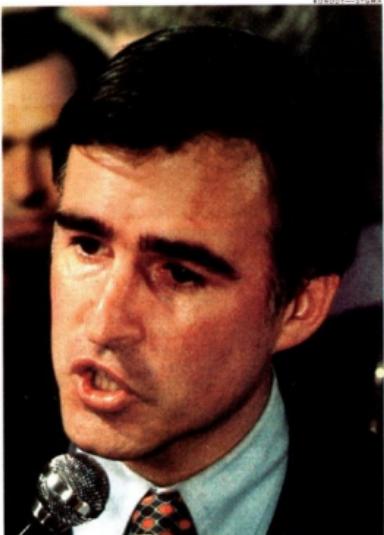
campus, property-tax-supported Portland Community College. "People feel helpless about the way their government is headed, and this is the only way they can fight."

Yet the fact that Californians wielded a meat ax as they cut into taxes bothered many advocates of more moderate efforts to put limitations on government spending. Liberal Economist Walter Heller, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers under both John F. Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson, noted in the *Wall Street Journal* last week: "Clearly, governments the country over need to be brought to book, they need to deliver more per dollar of tax, and they need to deliver excess tax dollars back to the taxpayer. But all of that can be readily granted without committing fiscal hara-kiri." To John Petersen, an official of the Municipal Finance Officers Association, a group that views virtually any tax cut as a form of hara-kiri, Proposition 13 is "a Frankenstein, a green hulk emerging from the swamps of the West."

The 75-year-old father of Proposition 13, basking in his first victory in a lifetime of attacking free-spending public officials, is no Frankenstein, but is a self-defined "pain in the ass. You gotta be to get these people to listen to you." On election evening, Howard Jarvis denied that he was vengeful. "Tonight was a victory against money, the politicians, the government," said the gruff, tireless campaigner as he sagged into an easy chair in an eleventh-floor suite at Los Angeles' Biltmore Hotel. "Government simply must be limited. Excessive taxation leads to either bankruptcy or dictatorship."

As Jarvis portrayed it, his goal was to relieve the government-inflicted sufferings of taxpayers. Said he: "We have seen the trauma of high taxes on older people. The deteriorating state of mind. The disease. The ulcers. When elderly people get those tax bills on their meager homes that demand another \$1,500 a year, they get a cloud over their heads. Many of them give up the spirit and quietly die. One woman had a heart attack in front of me back in 1962 right in the assessor's office. That means something to me. Even the Russians don't do that, run people out of their homes for no reason. It is a goddamned crime. It is grand-felony theft."

Jarvis is a wealthy retired industrialist who does not see his antitax drive as a matter of self-interest. "Hell, I can pay whatever my property taxes are," he said. "I'll just write a check. But others, especially young couples who can't buy a place of their own, cannot do that." That kind of pitch, partly true and partly flimflam, has made Jarvis a national



Governor Brown gets the message on election night
A pirouette that would have dazzled Diaghilev.



Nation

folk hero to millions of beleaguered taxpayers.

All but overshadowed by Jarvis' celebrity has been the other sponsor of Proposition 13, retired Real Estate Man Paul Gann, 66, who heads People's Advocate, a Sacramento-area antitax lobby. Scoffs a Jarvis aide: "We thought we needed the 150,000 votes his group could deliver in petition signatures. We alone got a million names and we didn't need him at all."

In the wake of what he wrought, Jarvis left pain as well as tax relief. California officials faced some brutal choices as they scrambled to figure out how to live with budgets now scheduled to shrink significantly from the beginning of the new fiscal year on July 1, when Proposition 13 takes effect (unless one of the five court challenges that have already been made proves successful).

State Assembly Speaker Leo McCarthy predicts that 75,000 local employees will be fired statewide out of a total of 1.2 million, plus an additional 76,000 federally funded employees. Los Angeles Mayor Tom Bradley proposed layoffs of 8,300 city employees (out of 49,349), including 1,600 cops. More than half will be trainees recently hired under the Federal Government's CETA (for Comprehensive Employment Training Act), which is aimed at helping unskilled, unemployed people, many of whom are black.

San Francisco Mayor George Moscone was studying a worst-case budget: the \$84.9 million to operate city buses, trolleys and cable cars would be more than halved, the street-cleaning fund would drop from \$783,000 to \$90,000, and the city's human rights commission (scheduled to spend \$332,101) would get no money at all. Even so, Moscone said: "I don't take a doomsday approach to how this city is going to react to crisis. We've been through earthquakes, don't ya know?" An anonymous poet was less optimistic, leaving this ditty taped to the door of San Francisco's city hall:

*City hall is filled with gloom
As civil servants wait their
doom,
For the voters have spoken on
Jarvis-Gann
And left many of us for the
garbage can.*

The degree to which the taxquake produces the chaos forecast by its opponents is now the problem of California's ambitious Governor Jerry Brown. Indeed, his re-election prospects and future White House hopes may well rest on how he handles the highly complex crisis. Brown, who only last March



New Jersey G.O.P. Senatorial Candidate Jeffrey Bell
Riding a tidal wave of antitax sentiment.

warned that Proposition 13 would replace "one monster with another," had pushed a more modest Proposition 8 instead. It would have rolled back property taxes by about 30% for homeowners and tied state and local spending to rises in personal income. But as 13 picked up unstoppable momentum, Brown performed a pirouette that would have dazzled Diaghilev. By election night, as 13 rolled up its huge majority and 8 lost, 53% to 47%, the Governor was almost sounding as if the Jarvis-Gann proposal had been his own idea.

In a subdued Los Angeles Hilton ballroom, where only 200 turned out for what was billed as a "Democratic election celebration," Brown dwelt but briefly on his easy primary victory over token opposition (he rolled up a 79% vote to 4% for his closest challenger). What was really on his mind was Proposition 13. Said Brown: "We have our marching orders from the people. This is the strongest expression of the democratic process in a

decade." He promised to implement 13 "in the most human, sensitive way I can"—and without raising state taxes to bail out the newly stricken local units of government. But, he admitted, "things will never be the same."

The Governor's turnabout amused his opponents, among them Attorney General Evelle Younger. He will take on Brown in November, having roundly defeated three other Republicans to win the G.O.P. nomination. Said Younger: "I swear he sounded just like Howard Jarvis."

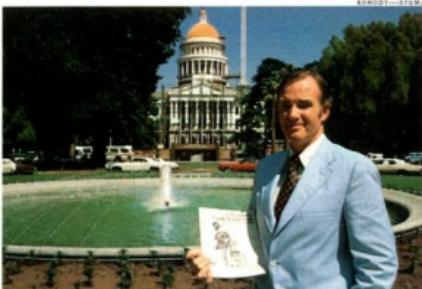
Whether 13 will really hurt Brown remains in doubt. While the property-tax rebellion was largely led by advocates of keeping government as limited and as close to the people as possible, the impact of 13 may be precisely the opposite. It will give Brown and the legislature in Sacramento virtual life-or-death power over the state's 4,500 local special districts (including fire, hospital, mosquito control, irrigation), 1,120 school districts, 415 cities and 58 counties. Predicted University of California Professor David Shulman: "Local government will appear as the supplicant at the court of the人民."

But Economist Otto Eckstein sees a different and more beneficial effect—"a rapid growth in the private sector and a decline in the public sector." He adds: "The results are good in terms of changing things around. The voters in California have slowed down the growth of government. This will force the public sector to become more efficient, which is hard for it to do."

In any case, local districts looked eagerly toward Sacramento as they awaited word on just how hard the tax revolt would hit them. As Brown moved to draft a master plan, some of his aides thought they saw in his eyes the same sort of glint that was there in the days when he beat Jimmy Carter in five straight 1976 primaries. Said one Brown aide: "I haven't seen the adrenaline flowing like this since the early days of his political career."

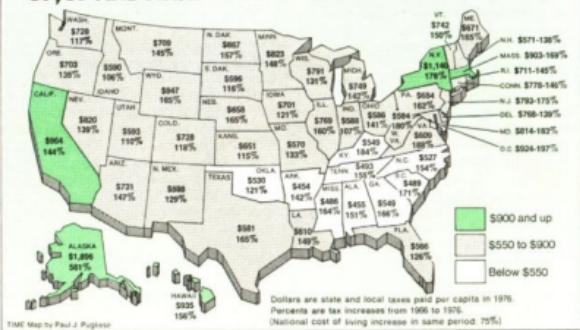
Brown's first move was to freeze hiring of new state employees (12,000 a year) except in emergencies. He said he would soon propose ways to save another \$300 million. He suggested that any such saving be added to the surplus in state revenues, expected to amount to \$5.3 billion by the end of the fiscal year, and applied to help fill the property-tax void. He proposed that \$4 billion be promptly allocated to local districts and \$1 billion be kept in a reserve loan fund for emergencies.

The state legislators seem likely to give Brown what he seeks—and let him take the heat. Still, there was some grumbling. One diner in the capitol



National Tax-Limitation Committee's Lewis Uhler in Sacramento
Digging in for a long, tough, no-nonsense battle.

UP, UP AND AWAY STATE AND LOCAL TAXES



cafeteria suggested that "we stuff Howard Jarvis and mount him on the capitol dome." Bitterly, Democratic State Senator Alfred Alquist proposed turning all the surplus state funds over to taxpayers in a one-shot cash rebate and giving nothing to local districts. Said he: "It will do a lot of harm, but if it's the will of the people, we should do it."

There is some evidence, however, that the impact of 13 may not be as dire as its critics had claimed. Because of various state and federal programs, many local governments in California do not rely solely on the property tax for income. They have been spending some \$33.9 billion a year and real estate taxes account for just \$12.4 billion of that. Proposition 13, which rolls back property taxes to 1% of market value (they average about 3.2% now), will reduce revenues from this tax by \$7 billion. But that represents only 20.7% of all local funds. However, sizable federal grants may be lost because no local matching money will be available.

On the other hand, the average homeowner will lose a big chunk of his federal income tax deduction because of the lowered property tax. Uncle Sam is expected to gain some \$2.3 billion from Californians as a result. And since the California income tax is tied to the federal tax, the state will pick up some 300 million unexpected dollars.

Analysts for the state legislature estimate that the total actual property tax cut may be nearer \$6.4 billion than \$7 billion—and of this, homeowners will get a collective saving of only \$2.3 billion. The rest will go to owners of rented residential property (\$1.2 billion) and commercial and industrial property (\$2.9 billion). The state's ten largest utilities and railroads alone will benefit by \$400 million next year; in addition, Standard Oil figures to benefit by \$13.1 million and Lockheed by \$9.5 million.

Whatever the disappointments California taxpayers may meet when Proposition 13 goes into effect, their overwhelming support of the measure sends a powerful message to Washington and

there is some evidence that Washington is beginning to take heed. In what a Capitol Hill observer calls "one of the legislative surprises of the year," Wisconsin's Republican Congressman William Steiger has mustered astonishing support for a proposal to cut the capital-gains tax from a maximum rate of 49% to 25%. Though the Administration dismisses it as a "fat cat" proposal, Steiger's measure has won endorsement from 61 Senators and, in the name of job creation, from none other than AFL-CIO Leader George Meany. Steiger had been talking of settling for a new ceiling of 35%, but in the wake of Proposition 13, he may well revert to his original demand for 25%.

The voters' tax-cut message places the President in something of a bind. If he cuts taxes heavily without slashing spending, he risks adding to inflation. He has already modified a proposed \$25 billion income tax cut, and a shaky deal seemed to be shaping up on Capitol Hill last week for a less inflationary \$15 billion reduction. Even so, the projected federal deficit would still be \$53 billion, give or take a few billion, and the President declared last week: "Someone has got to hold the line on the budget, and I am determined to do so." To show that he means business, he is talking of a fiscal 1980 budget that would trim the deficit further, to \$37.5 billion, and would include virtually no new spending.

The tax revolt has been largely stimulated by inflation, which pushes taxpayers into higher income tax brackets and boosts the value of taxable property. But if the choice is between lowering taxes and fighting inflation, what then? A new poll for TIME taken by Yankelevich, Skelton and White shows a spectacular rise in concern over inflation. Fully 66% of Americans rank "inflation, high prices and the economy" as their chief worries; seven months ago, only 39% did so. By contrast, a mere 14% said they were concerned about high taxes and tax reform.

The TIME poll also yielded a surprising statistic that reflected the furor over

Proposition 13. While 48% of those questioned voiced serious concern about keeping their houses, only 29% expressed comparable apprehension about keeping their jobs. In California, Jerry Brown noted a similar phenomenon: many policemen and firemen, he said, were Washington *Star* Columnist Mary McGroarty, said to him that they would rather lose their jobs than their homes; thus they voted for Proposition 13 to get their property taxes down and will take their chances on a post-13 cutback. As an emotional political issue, the combined anxiety about inflation and taxes far eclipses such controversial foreign policy matters as the Panama Canal treaties, U.S. jet sales to the Middle East and Soviet-American relations.

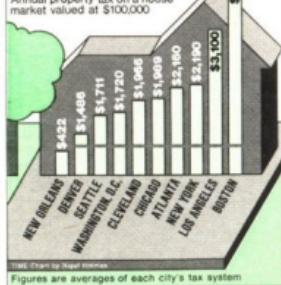
The California rebellion is already stirring partisan passions in Washington. Any Republican candidate who does not understand the potential of the tax revolt, said Senate Republican Leader Howard Baker last week, "is a political idiot." Kansas Republican Senator Robert Dole promptly introduced a proposed constitutional amendment that would require the Federal Government to operate on a balanced budget each year. Many economists doubt, however, that putting Washington into that sort of straitjacket would be wise—or possible.

Nonetheless, supporters of a similar constitutional amendment that would require a balanced federal budget and a phased elimination of the national debt over 25 years are making impressive headway. Sponsored by the 45,000-member National Taxpayers Union, this movement calls for the assembling of a national convention to amend the Constitution (a procedure never yet successfully pursued). Yet 23 state legislatures have already called for a meeting, and approval by only eleven more is needed. The convention would be empowered to propose constitutional amendments, which would then have to be ratified by three-fourths of the state legislatures.

Amending the Constitution is a long-term and difficult task.

HOW MUCH DO YOU PAY?

HOW MUCH DO YOU PAY?



• [View Details](#)

Nation

New York Republican Congressman Jack Kemp and Delaware Republican Senator William Roth propose a quicker fix—a bill that would reduce federal income taxes by 30% over three years, regardless of the impact on the budget. The Kemp-Roth proposal is rooted in the theories of University of Southern California Economist Arthur Laffer, who argues that while a cut in the tax rate may reduce revenues in the short run, the long-range result is to increase them. His reasoning: lower taxes mean greater incentive to work, which in turn means a broader tax base. The economist is the creator of the Laffer Curve, which demonstrates that

once tax rates climb above a certain point, incentive is destroyed, output is stifled and a society begins to decline.

Though liberal economists dismiss the curve as a laugh, Laffer's ideas have gained attention on the Hill. Kemp and Roth have picked up more than 150 co-sponsors in Congress, and their legislation has been endorsed by the Republican National Committee. It was also strongly supported by conservative Jeffrey K. Bell in his campaign for the G.O.P. senatorial nomination from New Jersey. Bell maintains that his emphasis on cutting taxes was crucial to his upset victory over veteran Senator Clifford Case.

Another approach has been adopted by the California-based National Tax-Limitation Committee. Its aim is to place ceilings on the spending powers of the states by amending their constitutions. This drive has been successful in Tennessee, where 65% of the voters approved it last March. Once the dust settles, if it does, from Proposition 13, the Tax-Limitation Committee will introduce an amendment in the California legislature aimed at tying state spending increases to the growth in average personal income. "We are not quixotic," contends Sacramento Lawyer Lewis Uhler, president of the committee. "We see overall tax limitation as the pow-

How One City Will Cope

In Southern California's San Gabriel Valley, TIME Correspondent Robert Goldstein surveyed the effect Proposition 13 will have on one community. His report:

Twenty miles northeast of downtown Los Angeles, at the base of the San Gabriel Mountains, is the city of Monrovia (pop. 30,100). Unlike many of its wealthier neighbors, which developed in the post-World War II boom, Monrovia was incorporated in 1887. It grew into a working-class town, with some pricey sections in the foothills, some slums near the freeway and a lot of modest homes in between. Four years ago, a new redevelopment agency brought an ailing business district back to health with some strategic investments; the completion of the freeway in 1976 spurred further growth. Housing prices began to climb. Average worth of Monrovian homes: \$50,000. Increases in assessments last year: up to 100%. Vote in favor of Proposition 13: a whopping 72%.

What now? The redevelopment agency will be killed. The community's operating budget of \$5.5 million will have to be cut by \$1.75 million by July 1. Groans City Manager Robert R. ("Bud") Ovrom: "Jarvis said that his measure would mean a 10% cut in local budgets. Here it's more like 30%. But we'll just have to make it work."

To do so, Ovrom, 32, and the five-member city council began considering cutbacks in spending and new sources of revenue three months ago. While some funds should be forthcoming from the state surplus, Ovrom based his new budget on the assumption that Monrovia would have to go it alone. Accordingly, many of the townpeople believe—understandably—that city hall is crying wolf. Concedes Ovrom: "Sure, a couple programs we cut may be restored, but we just can't count on much."

Where will Monrovia cut? First, notices will go out this week to 19 of the city's 185 employees. Ovrom will lose his top assistant. The library staff, currently six people, will be chopped by four. The 49-member police department will be left untouched, as will the 29 full-time firemen. But city council members will lose their \$210-a-month stipends.

Of all the services to be eliminated or reduced, the closing of the Municipal Plunge,

used almost entirely by the black community (10% of the city), may cause the most trouble. It is the only source of relief from the summer heat for most of the blacks in town. Says Cornelius Collier, 22, a student at California Poly in nearby Pomona: "White folks have their pools or can afford the drive to the beach. If this pool doesn't open up, we're gonna fight it."

Many of the freebies or subsidies that the city had given in past years will be stopped. At the community center, the biggest attraction in town, nominal fees for such things as jewelry making and yoga classes, pinball and poolrooms will be increased so that the users will pay the freight. "Dancercise" courses that used to cost \$10, for example, will now cost \$25. The meeting room in the Spanish-style community center will no longer be offered gratis. Senior citizens who hold weekly gatherings there are angry that they will have to rent the room for up to \$200 a meeting. Complains a frequent user, Clémene Gerfen: "Our money went into this building. They say it's government money, but that's our money, isn't it?" Says Ovrom in return: "Everybody wants it both ways. They point to other people's programs and say, 'That's wasteful, that's not essential!'"

Since Proposition 13 forbids new or increased taxes without a two-thirds vote of the area's "qualified electors," the city council took the precaution of passing such items as higher business and animal license charges, and building, plumbing and electrical permit fees before election day. One woman paid \$125 for a permit to build a sewer line from her house to the main pipe; if she had come the day before, her charge would have been \$25.

Ovrom has added a charge for street sweeping and created a new assessment district for street-light and public landscaping maintenance, based on precisely how many lamps and trees are on each landowner's street.

LEWIS



Monrovia's Municipal Plunge: bone dry

"If this pool doesn't open up, we're gonna fight it."

Monrovia's local school district faces a loss of 44 of its 250 certified teachers. Some academic programs and most of the "frills," including athletics and music programs, will probably have to be reduced or shelved. So perhaps will summer school, with its remedial classes.

Back to basics is the rule. Last century, Rancher E.J. ("Lucky") Baldwin ordered his men to "clear the land, but leave the oaks" in the area that is now Monrovia. Today, Monrovians would say, "Cut our taxes, but leave the city."

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Why smoke this much tar...



19
MG TAR
12 MG NIC.



12
MG TAR
0.9 MG NIC.



17
MG TAR
1.0 MG NIC.



12
MG TAR
0.7 MG NIC.



16
MG TAR
1.0 MG NIC.



11
MG TAR
0.7 MG NIC.



16
MG TAR
1.1 MG NIC.



17
MG TAR
1.2 MG NIC.



10
MG TAR
0.6 MG NIC.

when you can get good taste at
only 8 mg tar?



King size or 100's,
Regular or Menthol.

Simply put,
they're as low as you can go and still get good taste
and smoking satisfaction.

Of All Brands Sold: Lowest tar: 0.5 mg. "tar," 0.05 mg. nicotine;
Kent Golden Lights: Kings Regular—8 mg. "tar," 0.6 mg. nicotine, Kings Menthol—
8 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette FTC Report, August 1977. 100's Regular
and Menthol—10 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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Clever Fox to hold 5 adults and their luggage, yet handle as though there were only two seats and a roll bar. The Sports Sedan does exist.

Swift Fox to go 0 to 50 mph in an effortless 8.1 seconds. A 1.6-liter, 4-cylinder in-line, overhead cam engine spurs the Fox to easy acceleration.

Alert Fox to respond quickly to demands of driver. Rack-and-pinion steering and independent front suspension are bred into every Fox.

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Rich Fox to have two fully-reclining bucket seats, velour upholstery, and cut-pile carpeting in an interior which equals exterior for style.

Sly Fox gets 37 mpg hwy. 23 city; std. shift. (EPA Est. Actual mileage may vary based on how and where you drive, car's condition, optional equip.)

Agile Fox. The engine cover over the drive wheels gives it the traction to get out and away. It's highly visible at your local Porsche-Audi dealer.

er of the people to shape our society and our destiny. This is going to be a long, tough, no-nonsense battle."

The taxpayer revolt has, in fact, taken a variety of forms. Other examples:

OHIO. Twice in the space of 60 days Cleveland voters rejected a hike in property taxes that would have rescued its 113,000-student public school system from bankruptcy. The margin last Tuesday was 3 to 1, an increase over the 2 to 1 April vote against the levy, which would have increased the average homeowner's tax by \$86.63. As a result, there may be no money to reopen Cleveland's schools after the summer recess. The vote also reflected opposition to court-ordered busing, scheduled to go into effect next fall to correct racial imbalances, and the high-handed manner in which Federal Judge Frank J. Battisti has, in effect, taken over management of the school system. Paul Briggs, Cleveland's respected veteran school superintendent, was so stripped of power by the court that he resigned his post.

OREGON. A virtual carbon copy of Jarvis-Gann has been picking up initiative signatures and now has a good chance to make the ballot in November. It would limit the property tax to 1½% of market value, which would decrease the average homeowner's tax tab by one-third. "The measure could be very difficult to defeat," warns Robert Ridgley, recently retired chairman of the Portland public school board. He fears that the "effect on schools would be devastating." Supporters of the proposal blame the state legislature for its failure to curtail the property tax long ago. Says State Representative Al Shaw: "The legislature's attitude has been to sit tight and wait for things to blow over. Things won't blow over this time."

COLORADO. Two petition drives are under way for the November ballot. One proposal would limit increases in state and local government spending to the growth in living costs. The other would limit taxes on owner-occupied homes to either 2.5% of market value or 5% of family income, whichever is lower—giving half the homeowners in Colorado a tax cut of up to 30%. Public officials in the state scoff at the Jarvis-Gann approach. "Most screwball ideas seem to start in California," said one. But another was secretly delighted at the passage of Proposition 13. "California will be in one hell of a mess," he predicts, "and maybe some of our legislators will take notice and cut back on spending here."

ARIZONA. Partly to prevent a Proposition 13-style proposal from getting onto the November ballot, the Arizona legislature has called for a special session to over-

haul its state tax structure. Contends State Representative Stan Akers, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee: "There is a general feeling of 'I've had too damned much' among people who want high taxes to come to a screeching halt. I wouldn't blame them if they wanted something like the Jarvis amendment here." The legislature may freeze property assessments at 1977 levels and re-examine assessing and taxing procedures.

MICHIGAN. A move to limit state spending won a respectable 43% vote in 1976, and is given a good chance of approval this year. State and local taxes now consume 9.7% of total personal income in Michigan, compared with 6.7% ten years ago. Viewing California's action as too drastic, Petition Leader Richard Headlee, a former director of the U.S. Chamber of

dilemma, with several widely varying solutions locked in conflict.

Nor is that all. In Delaware, Republican Governor Pierre S. duPont and his Democratic Lieutenant Governor two weeks ago proposed an amendment to the state constitution requiring a three-fifths vote by the legislature to raise any taxes; their goal is to prevent "midnight raids" on taxpayers by politicians trying to make fiscal ends meet. Maryland last month put through what one lawmaker calls "the most far-reaching program of property tax relief in 200 years." Three Florida state senators have announced that they will try to get a Jarvis-type proposal on the ballot for November. In Texas, Republican Gubernatorial Nominee Bill Clements is calling for an "iron-clad limitation on taxation and the growth of government spending."

Plainly, the tax-quake is not limited to California. But why did it strike with such terrific force there? Tax experts point to the fact that California still relies more heavily than most states on real estate taxes, not only to finance fire, police and schools but also for welfare, Medicare and Medicaid. Observes John Shannon, assistant director of Washington's Advisory Commission on Intergovernmental Relations: "Most states have relieved the property tax of that welfare burden. In California, they send a small boy out to do a man's job."

The California tax, moreover, has been spiraling. The property tax in 1942 amounted to \$32 for every \$1,000 of personal income in the state, only 89% of the national average. By 1976 it had leaped to \$63, or 142% of the national norm. Only in Alaska* and New York has the overall state and local tax burden gone higher. Nationwide, taxes of all kinds—federal, state and local—now account for more than one-third of the gross national product (33.5%). One measure of the explosive growth of spending at all levels of government: in 1965 the total was \$205.6 billion; by 1975 it was up to \$556.3 billion, growing at more than 10% a year and now hovering somewhere around three-quarters of a trillion dollars.

Many experts feel that Californians have acted unfairly in aiming all their fire at the property tax. Claims C. Lowell Harriss, a Columbia University professor of economics and consultant to the Tax Foundation Inc.: "The property tax is a better tax than people give it credit for. It's a way to capture socially created values of the locality. It's inexpensive to administer, impossible to avoid and the one tax that people can actually see working



"The taxpayers are coming! The taxpayers are coming!"

Commerce, says his goal is to seek "progressive, responsible, accountable government, which can only grow as the economy in the state grows."

MASSACHUSETTS. The plight of the average Massachusetts taxpayer is even worse than that of his California counterpart. So great is the burden that protesters call the state "Taxachusetts." The property tax averages 4.7% of market value for a variety of historic reasons. Slow to adopt modern sales and income taxes, the state has relied too heavily on the property tax. Moreover, its charitable attitude toward churches and higher education produced an unusually high proportion of tax-exempt property, especially in Boston. At the same time, liberal Massachusetts provides more services for victims of poverty and disease than do most other states. More recently, its industrial base has been declining. Massachusetts thus is in a tax

*The Alaska homeowner is not nearly as hard-pressed as statistics suggest because the state's heavy property tax is offset by oil and gas companies, which pay high taxes and royalties for exploration, drilling and production.

Nation



Proposition 13 supporter shows her feelings

One typist, six electric typewriters.

for them. I hate to see local government lose that autonomy."

Ironically, Californians became so angry at the property tax partly because the state has one of the nation's most effective systems for administering it. While assessment procedures are a scandal in many states, California's elected assessors—who act independently of all local authorities and have nothing at all to do with setting actual tax rates—have been highly efficient at keeping homes and business property tagged at actual market values. That has not, however, made them popular with taxpayers.

Appraiser Eugene Aronson, 45, who works in the office of Los Angeles County Tax Assessor Alexander Pope, has been called a "dirty Nazi" and a "dishonest Communist" while making his rounds. When he meets strangers at parties he often tells them he is an insurance salesman rather than admit his true trade.

Aronson's turf includes the Hancock Park area of Los Angeles. He knows just which blocks have the really elegant homes—and just what kind of prices they command on the market. He also knows which ones look deceptively more valuable than they are. He is an expert at determining which kind of hardwood floors, plumbing, tiling and shingles really add to the sale value of a house. "We don't care whether we raise or lower a property," says he. "We just want to give it its proper value."

State law requires California's nearly 3,000 appraisers to determine the market value of all property and list it on tax rolls by July 1. Not every home is visited every year, but when enough houses in a

given neighborhood change ownership to establish a "price pattern," the whole tract is reassessed at the new value. Reassessments must be made at least once every three years. The rolls tell the county board of supervisors the total value of property available for taxing—and it is the supervisors, not the assessors, who determine how high a rate will yield the tax income they think they need.

What frustrates California taxpayers is that while the state's land boom has sent the value of their homes soaring, local officials have rarely been content to lower their tax rates so as to keep the total bite relatively stable. Instead, they have found ways to spend the extra money. A crucial example: Los Angeles County has had a stable population for ten years, yet its expenditures have ballooned during that period from \$500 million a year to \$1.6 billion. The result is a growing volume of taxpayer complaints about extravagance in government. Lynn Rosner, 45, and her insurance broker husband bought their "dream home" in Los Angeles for \$64,000 in 1968. Their tax then was \$1,800. By 1976 it was up to \$3,500 and, without Proposition 13, it would have gone to \$7,000. Last year, she says, "we stopped going out, we did not entertain and bought no clothes. We can't take a vacation. We can't lead a normal life." Says Mrs. Rosner: "The more money they spend on schools, the worse the schools get."

Sarah Hyman, 43, wife of a high school teacher, agrees. The house the Hymans bought six years ago for \$72,000 is now assessed at \$220,000, and the tax, which was up to \$4,000 last year, was slated to more than double—to \$8,300. "We see waste in the school system every day," she contends. "At 15 or more high schools, there's a dean for every grade, plus a head dean for the deans. At one school they had enough money to buy six electric typewriters, so they did—even though there was only one typist. Money is allotted for summer school mainly so more teachers can have jobs. And instead of teaching remedial reading, they teach backpacking or other crafty things."

Those kinds of complaints, fair or not, gave powerful impetus to Proposition 13. Whether Californians will regret their protest remains to be seen. Curiously, a Los Angeles *Times* poll after the balloting showed that 70% of those who supported 13 thought they would get by without any reduction in services. Many were interested simply in sending the government a message. The poll also showed that 22% felt the government provided too many unnecessary services. When asked which services they would be most willing to see cut, 69% said welfare.

The hapless California officials who are now moving gingerly to bow to the will of the majority cannot, however, fail to hear the clash of other voices. Indeed, there was a tinge of class conflict in the campaign for Proposition 13, with pos-

sible portents of racial trouble in the simmering summer months. By and large, homeowners from the middle and upper classes, justly aggrieved by their rising tax burden, had led the tax revolt. But worried blacks and Hispanics in California feared, with some cause, that as government turned more frugal, they would be hurt the most.

State Democratic Assemblywoman Maxine Waters, a black who represents Los Angeles' Watts district, demanded that layoffs be determined not solely by seniority but on the basis of the employees' personal needs and competence. Otherwise, she feared, minorities and women once again would be "the last hired and first fired." Warned John Mack, president of the Los Angeles urban league: "We intend to make damn sure that if garbage is going to be picked up only once a month in Watts, then it damn sure will be once a month in the San Fernando Valley."

Such conflicting claims and expectations raised broader questions about the Jarvis measure. Indeed, the entire nationwide drive to slash taxes arbitrarily and force public officials to cope with the consequences poses anew some of the most basic of political questions. At what point does the voters' laudable intention to eliminate waste and increase governmental efficiency act instead to destroy the very services a democratic society demands? Is society really expecting too much from government? If so, which services are crucial to the general welfare? Who should determine priorities (and how) within the confines of more limited public funding?

Compelled to act swiftly yet fairly, Californians must now try to answer those difficult questions as best they can. Surely the rest of the nation will be watching their performances very closely. For how California fares in the wake of Proposition 13 may well set public tax and spending patterns for many years to come. ■



Gann (left) and Jarvis celebrate victory
And many left for the garbage can.

Maniac or Messiah?

The day California went to the polls the old man fortified himself with his usual morning drink: four parts apple juice and one part cranberry juice. Later, seated in a barbershop near his West Los Angeles office, he held court, conducting interviews, mugging for photographers and reworking his victory speech. A concession statement? Howard Jarvis did not see why he should waste his time. Sure enough, a few hours later, an ecstatic Jarvis stood on the podium in the Los Angeles Biltmore, blowing kisses to his screaming supporters. "Now we know how it felt when they dumped English tea in Boston harbor!" he exulted. Still in a buoyant mood, Jarvis told *TIME*, "We have a new revolution. We are telling the government, 'Screw you!'"

Jarvis, 75, the man behind Proposition 13, calls himself "a rugged bastard who's had his head kicked in a thousand times by the government." In a state known for its smooth-talking, image-conscious politicians, he is a gruff, rumpled throwback to Menczen's soapbox demagogues. The face is bulldogish, the figure dumpy, the voice a throaty croak. There are no silken buzz words in Jarvis' earthy speeches. In his repertoire of epithets, Republicans are "the stupidest people in the world except for businessmen, who have a genius for stupidity"; the League of Women Voters is "a bunch of nosy broads who front for the big spenders"; others who oppose his beloved proposition, "dummies, goons, cannibals or big-mouths." The tax issue, he says, is "Armageddon, a war of machetes. They're going to cut off our heads. Or we're going to cut off theirs."

Jarvis has been waging that war for 16 years now. While others talked of Viet Nam and Watergate, he pursued with almost monomaniacal fervor what he calls his Holy Grail: reduced taxes and reduced government spending. In three unsuccessful campaigns for public office (the 1962 Republican nomination for U.S. Senate, the 1972 race for the State Board of Equalization and the 1977 Los Angeles mayoral primary), Jarvis frequently failed to mention his own candidacy; all he wanted to do, he says, was publicize the tax issue.

For a long time, no one listened. Undaunted, Jarvis played high school auditoriums, Holiday Inn luncheons, civic luncheons, and he was lucky if a dozen people went to hear him. At city hall, he was regarded as a persistent pest who showed up at every tax meeting, drowning out the civilized monologues of his opponents with his battering-ram attacks. "We never knew whether he was a messiah or a maniac," says an aide to one of the supervisors. "He was surly, arrogant and when the mikes were turned off, he just raised his voice so that you never knew the microphone was dead. Many times they had to call the sergeant at arms to persuade him to sit down."

Nothing deterred him. Three times Jarvis tried and failed to get property taxes rolled back. Suddenly, in the past year, soaring property taxes, ever-rising state and

federal taxes and the prospect of double-digit inflation combined to wed Jarvis' obsession to the public's anger. The old gadfly has become a kind of California folk hero, an unlikely St. George to voters who hope that he can deliver them from the tax dragon.

While he sardonically remarks that "everyone is entitled to my opinion," Jarvis emphasizes that his success is the result of sheer stubbornness. The son of a state supreme court judge, Jarvis grew up in the mining town of Magna, Utah. After graduating with a straight A's from Utah State University, he talked a local bank into loaning him \$15,000 to buy an ailing weekly newspaper, the *Magna Times*. By the time he was 30, he had parlayed his purchase into eleven papers worth \$105,000.

From the start, Jarvis was a dedicated right-winger. He and his father once campaigned for separate seats in the Utah state legislature, Judge John Ransome Jarvis running as a Democrat, his son as a Republican. Howard managed his father's winning campaign as well as his own unsuccessful one. At a 1931 G.O.P. convention in Chicago, he shared a suite at a crowded hotel with a California district attorney named Earl Warren. According to Jarvis, Warren persuaded him to sell his newspapers and move to the golden land. "When I arrived there, I was wet behind the ears; all I had was money," recalls Jarvis. Nonetheless, he went on to make considerably more, first with an Oakland chemical firm and then after World War II, by running a chain of home-appliance factories employing 13,000 people. In 1962, fearing that the pressure would give him a heart attack (his second wife died of a heart attack), Jarvis decided to retire and planned an extended vacation. He never left. A group of L.A. neighbors, incensed about high taxes, called on the old man for advice, and he soon found himself chairman of the United Organization of Taxpayers.

Jarvis, his third wife and her sister live in an unpretentious two-bedroom, \$80,000 house (on which he annually pays \$1,800 in taxes based on a 1976 assessment) in West Los Angeles. Though he was raised as a Mormon, he drinks vodka and smokes a pipe as well as cigars. He spends most of his days in a cluttered downtown office, dividing his time between his duties as unsalaried chairman of the taxpayers' group and paid director (\$17,000 a year) of the Apartment Association of Los Angeles County, a landlords' organization. He devotes hours to unearthing new details supporting his case for lower taxes: he has determined, for instance, that the \$8,000 sticker price on his Thunderbird includes some \$4,500 of taxes and that 116 different taxes are levied on a loaf of bread.

There was a time when Jarvis would get up in the middle of the night to practice his speeches in front of the living-room lamps. Now he can count on the attention of his audiences. Groups in 40 states want the feisty Jarvis to give them a hand in promoting tax reduction measures. "I am going to help out in some other places," he says with atypical understatement. Batten down the hatches—Howard Jarvis is going national.



After a 16-year fight, Jarvis prepares for victory night
A war of machetes, and some heads might be cut off.

Nation

The Bell Tolls for Case

A good week for political rookies and fiscal conservatives



New Jersey's Bradley and Case

Clifford Case was first elected to Congress in 1944, when Democrat Bill Bradley and Republican Jeffrey Bell were babies. For 34 years the liberal New Jersey Republican defied the odds, winning election to Congress five times and to the Senate four times in a state where there are now 1.5 million Democrats and only 500,000 Republicans.

Case, 74, was proof positive that both major U.S. political parties are ideological jambalayas. In his successful 1954 Senate campaign, he strongly opposed Senator Joe McCarthy's Communist-hunting investigations, and once in office he regularly supported social and civil rights legislation. He refused to endorse Barry Goldwater in 1964, and he opposed Richard Nixon's first two nominees to the Supreme Court. As he rose to ranking Republican on the Foreign Relations Committee, he continually upset the right wing of his party by such positions as early opposition to Viet Nam involvement and support of the Panama Canal treaties.

But to stalwarts of his own party he had become a liberal anomaly. He knew that a hard core of party conservatives—30% or so—always opposed him on ideological grounds, making him vulnerable in a primary with a light turnout and a right-wing challenger. That was the formula for his defeat last week. In a race in which he did not even use television ads and spent little time away from his Senate duties—"Every poll and writer indicated that I would win handsomely," Case explains—he lost by 3,500 votes out of 233,000 to Bell, a relatively obscure conservative who moved to New Jersey two years ago specifically to run against Case.

A former aide to Ronald Reagan, Bell, 34, proposes a 30% reduction in income tax rates. Case has called the tax plan "simplistic" and a "panacea," but Bell insists that he was helped considerably in his upset victory by the tax revolt that is sweeping across the U.S. He was undoubtedly also helped by finances:

he outspent Case \$500,000 to \$100,000.

Bell still has a second race to win, of course. In November he must face another political rookie, Basketball Star Bradley, and he will rate as the underdog in that contest. Bradley, 34, a Rhodes scholar and former star forward for the New York Knicks, moved to New Jersey four years ago and began shaking hands and squeezing arms. He used a well-financed campaign to parlay name recognition and celebrity support into a Democratic primary victory over five rivals.

In other states last week, the tendency toward electing younger candidates and more conservative Republicans was also evident:

IOWA. Another conservative Republican proposing a slash in taxes, Roger Jepsen, 49, won a startling landslide victory for the opportunity to take on liberal Democratic Incumbent Dick Clark, 48. Jepsen, who billed himself as "the right Republican," will have a tough time against Clark, who claims to have visited 1,100 Iowa communities during his first term. Jerry Fitzgerald, 37, Democratic leader of the state house, earned the tough job of trying to prevent Republican Bob Ray, 49, from winning a fifth term as Governor. Concedes Fitzgerald: "He's very popular."

MISSISSIPPI. In 1975 self-styled Populist Cliff Finch, 51, carried a lunch pail around the state to beat Prosecutor Maurice Dantin for Governor. Last week Dantin, 48, turned the tables and ran ahead

of the Governor in a seven-candidate Democratic field in the race to succeed retiring Senator James Eastland, 73. They will meet in a June 27 run-off to see who faces the Republican nominee, Congressman Thad Cochran, 40, and possibly two black independents.

MONTANA. Earlier this year Paul Hatfield resigned from the Montana Supreme Court to replace the late Lee Metcalf in the Senate. It was seen as a move by the Governor and others to stop the quest of Congressman Max Baucus, 36, for a seat in the upper chamber. It did not work. The ambitious Baucus beat Hatfield by a ratio of more than 3 to 1 to take the Democratic nomination. He will face a fervent conservative, Larry Williams, 29, who attacked "printing-press money" and inheritance taxes with evangelical zeal to win the Republican nomination.

OHIO. Republican Governor Jim Rhodes, 68, easily earned renomination for a fourth term. But he faces a tough race against the Democratic nominee, Lieutenant Governor Richard Celeste, 40. Also seeking a ticket to Columbus is Wayne Hays, the former grand panjandrum of the House Administration Committee, who was brought low by his high jinks with Elizabeth Ray. Hays won a Democratic nomination for state representative. As a primary loser noted: "He's got 100% name recognition."

SOUTH DAKOTA. Democratic Lieutenant Governor Harvey Wollman, 43, will take over from Governor Richard Kneip when Kneip leaves next month to become ambassador to Singapore. This near incumbency was thought to assure Wollman his

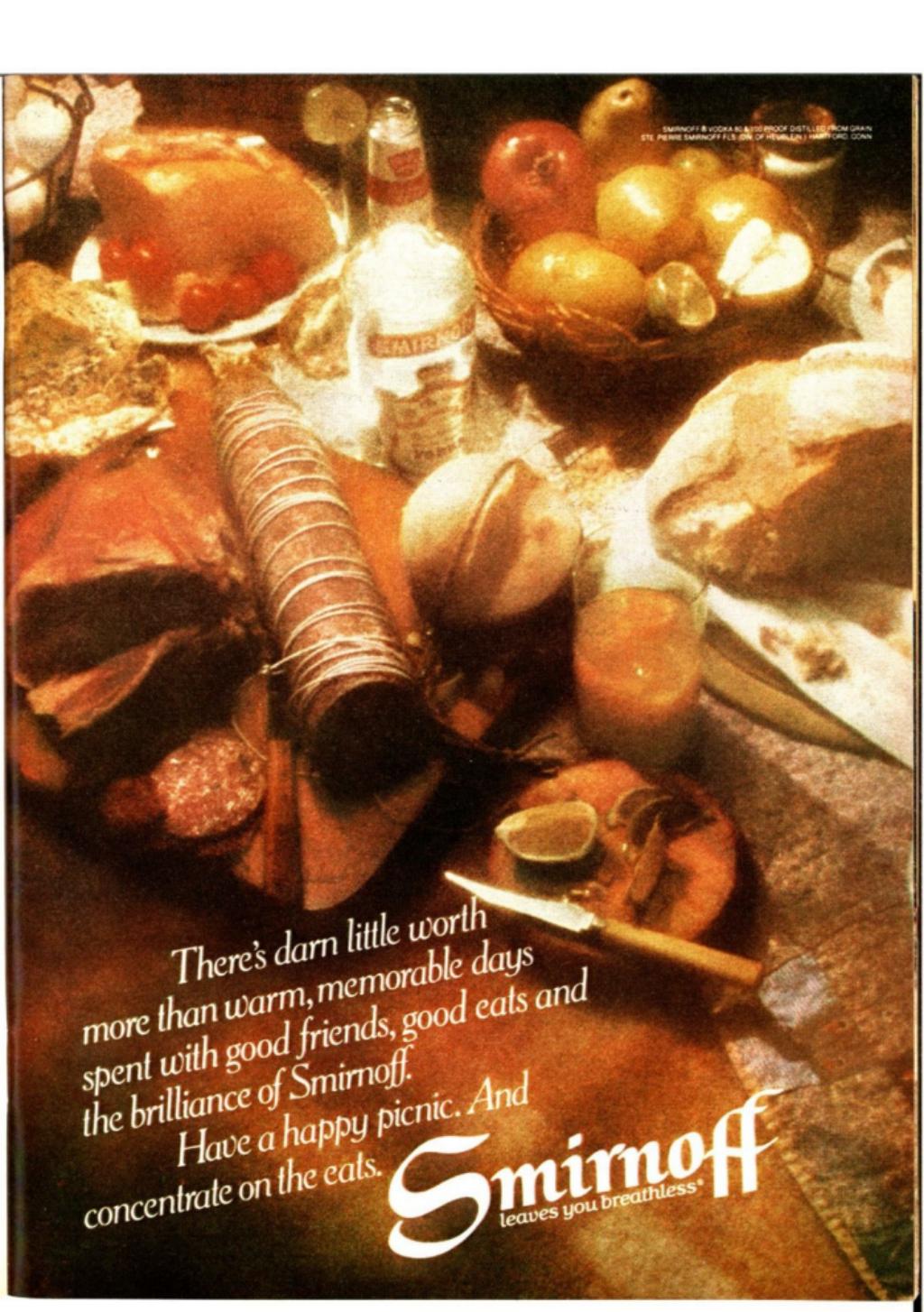


Richard Obenshain and Wife Helen



John Warner and Wife Liz

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party's nomination, but he was beaten by the lavish campaign of Banker Roger McKellips, 55, who will face Republican Nominee William Janklow, 38, the state's tough, outspoken attorney general. In the race to choose a successor for retiring Democratic Senator James Abourezk, Republican Congressman Larry Pressler, 36, will face former Rapid City Mayor Don Barnett, 35, a Democrat.

VIRGINIA. Three of Elizabeth Taylor's former husbands—Richard Burton, Eddie Fisher and the late Mike Todd—got unsolicited votes during the long balloting by Virginia Republicans meeting in convention to choose a Senate candidate. Liz's current mate, former Navy Secretary John Warner, has been soliciting votes for the past year and a half, but he did not get quite enough to defeat conservative Richard Obenshain, 42, who won on the sixth ballot. The Democrats chose liberal Andrew Miller, 45, to set up a classic ideological battle for the seat of retiring Republican William Scott. ■

Short Goodbye

George Wallace barks again

Last month Alabama Governor George Wallace secluded himself in a cottage on the Gulf Coast and decided that he had no desire to live among the "pointy-headed bureaucrats" in Washington. So he withdrew from the scramble for the Senate seat held by retiring John Sparkman.

It looked as if ole George was leaving politics after 16 years as the self-styled message-bearer of disaffected Americans. His longtime sparring partners in the press wrote smug political obituaries. Said the *New York Times*: "His were the resentful people, who wave flags and are frightened by those who look 'different.'" The *Washington Post* recalled: "His success obliged those other politicians to address both the Wallace constituency and the Wallace issues, without adopting the discredited Wallace racial line."

But the editorialists may have spoken too soon. As Wallace himself had warned, in a valedictory published in the *Post* three days earlier: "One of the reasons, I suppose, that I have had such a long political career is that every time I finished a campaign and sat down to rest, here would come the *Post*, barking at my feet."

Last week, a day after the funeral for Alabama Senator James Allen, Wallace offered to appoint Allen's widow Maryon as interim Senator. She was "humbled" to accept—and added that she might run for the seat herself in a special election in the fall. Wallace replied that she would have some stiff opposition. Letters have poured in from supporters asking him to reconsider his retirement. Unless he changes his mind again, he will be running for Allen's seat himself. The old dog is barking back. ■

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

Squandering a Splendid Asset

In Washington, where Jane Fonda once condemned the System, where angry farmers three months ago unleashed frightened goats, where Moonies have sung and right-to-lifers raged, there last Thursday afternoon were several hundred small businessmen standing in polished shoes and a light mist to tell their Government that they were opposed to yet another layer of regulation.

They stood around the Capitol somewhat apprehensively, massed specifically against the labor reform bill being debated in the Senate, but a symbol of something far broader and deeper than that one issue.

They came from Ohio and Massachusetts and Missouri. There is no memory of them having taken to the pavement in the past. For decades businessmen big and small have been the target of much political contempt and odium, often with justification. They were the representatives of profit and greed (a distinction rarely made), purveyors of shoddy products and pollution. Businessmen searched for influence in the subterranean corridors of power, using lawyers and fixers, fearful of bureaucrats, reporters and sunshine.

Now they have new status, or, rather, they can have it if they are wise. Part of the tax revolt, the outcry against Big Government and all the rest, is a new national appreciation of the economic system and the people who make it go. If they are not folk heroes yet, they can at least go to the Senate chamber, as they did last week, with pride.

For a long time the picture of J.P. Morgan with the midget on his knee was the Washington view of capitalism—a bloated buffoon. John Kennedy once described a small-town banker as a man with shoes that were too tight, the pain from below traveling up to his face. Only a couple of years ago, Senator Henry Jackson lined up seven big oil executives as though they were schoolboys, and denounced them for their big profits in the oil crunch.

But mortgages and tuition bills and beef prices have jolted a majority of Americans into the realization that their way of life may depend on their understanding the U.S. economic system and helping to get it back in tune. In short, almost all Americans are in some way now linked with business concerns. There is a vague understanding that while capitalism is far from perfect and not even very romantic, as Political Commentator Irving Kristol explains, it performs the job of distributing goods and services, and preserving individual freedom, better than any other system.

Professor Benjamin Vandegrift, of Washington and Lee, sees a whole new breed of middle-management executives who have graduated from the campus activism of the '60s and are now moving into politics to preserve their dreams. New York's Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan is almost poetic on the subject of the entrepreneurial ethos. "The great corporations of this country were not founded by ordinary people," he says. "They were founded by people with extraordinary energy, intelligence, ambition, aggressiveness. All those factors go into the primordial capitalist urge." M.I.T. Professor Louis Banks takes the next step. It is now plain all across the nation, he says, that many of those business folks do a better job of problem solving than the Government.

The other night at the Harvard Business School Club of Washington, Jack Valenti, former White House aide and a refugee from the Great Society, said amen. All America, he declared, is now in a "silent struggle" to preserve "economic freedoms."

"In my judgment the largest asset of America is the very one that is so easily squandered," Valenti boomed. "It is the enterprising entrepreneur, the risk taker, the competitive antagonist, the builder of plants and factories, the creator of new enterprises and the expander of old ones, the people who make better mousetraps, cheaper and faster. If our economy is not strong, we will have neither the zest nor the vitality for other adventures, however useful and attractive they may be."



Carter Is Still Losing Support

Americans like him personally—but not many of his policies

If the 1976 presidential election were held again, there would be a different winner: Gerald Ford by a solid margin. That is the finding of a survey of 1,020 registered voters completed last week by the opinion research firm of Yankelovich, Skelly and White, Inc. Of the Democrats, Republicans and independents who were queried by phone, 45% favor Ford, 37% say they would vote for Carter and 18% are undecided. A surprising 28% of the Democrats say they would now vote for Ford; 17% are not sure. Further, Carter has lost the independent vote by 2 to 1 and is even edged out by Ford in the South. Both groups were vital for Carter's election victory in 1976.

The survey portrays a President in considerable trouble on a wide variety of issues (see chart) as he approaches the half-way mark of his first term. Of the respondents, 37% say they think less well of him now than when he first took office; only 11% think better of him. Moreover, Carter's image of trust has blurred. While 46% think he is a leader who can be trusted, 49% have doubts about him.

Carter is fast losing ground among voters with his economic policies. More surprising is the vote of no confidence in his foreign and defense policies. Until his

recent get-tough approach toward the Soviet Union, his actions were too dovish for much of the electorate. Only a minority of those who expressed an opinion (44%) think he has been effective in dealing with the Russians. Responding to a related question, 48% find his policies too soft, 1% too hard, 36% just about right. More than half (53%) favor helping African countries threatened with rebellions aided by Russians or Cubans; 28% are opposed, and 19% uncertain.

Carter's decisions to cancel the B-1 bomber and shelve the neutron bomb were decisively rejected in the survey. A startling 56% of the respondents feel that any treaty with the Russians limiting nuclear weapons would be too risky. Only 32% favor a new SALT agreement. Although Carter counts the Panama Canal treaty a distinct success, the voters who were polled feel otherwise. By 50% to 33%, they consider it a mistake.

Reaction is more favorable to Carter's Middle East policies. One out of two people questioned believe that Carter's moves will contribute eventually to a settlement, while 24% maintain that he has hurt the chances for peace. A majority (55%) are persuaded that the Carter Administration has been equally fair to Israelis and Ar-

abs; 18% feel he has sided too much with Israel; 6% think he has favored the Arabs. But his sale of arms to Israel, Egypt and Saudi Arabia is disapproved by 49%. They believe it jeopardizes peace; 26% feel that it would encourage a settlement.

The chief immediate beneficiary of the President's slide in public esteem is Senator Edward Kennedy, whom the Democrats polled prefer over Carter as their next presidential candidate by a whopping 60% to 28%. Though Kennedy is a well-known figure who would naturally pick up Carter defectors, his popularity also suggests that voters may be ready to forget Chappaquiddick. Even among conservative Democrats and independents, Kennedy outpolls Carter, 53% to 32%. On the other hand, the President handily beats California Governor Jerry Brown, 49% to 30%, suggesting that an individualistic, bravura style may be losing favor with voters. Carter also edges out Republican Ronald Reagan, 44% to 41%. This showing may indicate why Republicans polled prefer Ford (46%) over Reagan (37%) as their 1980 nominee. They are looking for a winner rather than ideological purity.

Midterm doldrums are nothing new for a President, and the survey demonstrates that Carter has some residual strength that may cause him to rebound before the 1980 campaign season. For example, while increasingly doubtful of his leadership qualities, the respondents seem to like him personally better than ever. Sixty-nine percent find him attractive and appealing; 21% feel the opposite. Though many Americans take issue with his specific actions, they seem to approve of his general approaches.

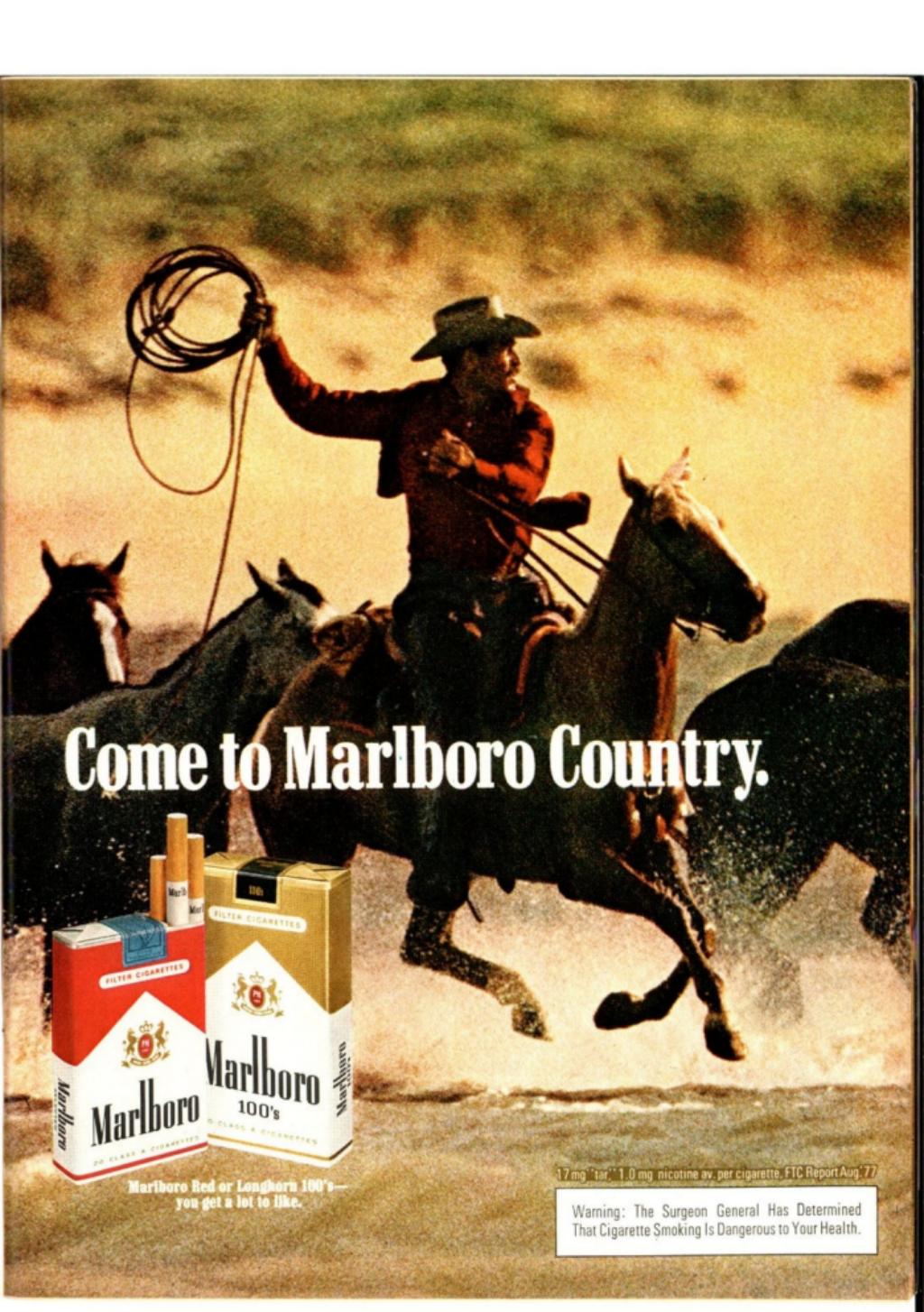
Somewhat contradicting their lack of trust, a large majority of the sample believe he is advancing the cause of world peace and providing moral leadership. A majority also think he is running an open Administration and succeeding in putting women, blacks and other minority members into positions of power. This contrasts, however, with the fact that only 23% support affirmative action programs for women and minority students at universities, while 71% oppose them. Voters also reject, 46% to 39%, policies giving preference in hiring to women and minorities. While denounced in some quarters as demagoguery, Carter's recent attacks on doctors and lawyers are generally applauded. Two out of three voters polled agree with his criticisms.

The survey indicates that in trying to recover from his current slump, Carter has taken the right approach by exercising more decisive and hawkish leadership overseas. This may prove less difficult than what voters want him to do at home: curb inflation. There remains a reservoir of public good will that the President can still tap; at issue is his competence. If voters ultimately reject him, they will do so, apparently, with reluctance. ■



PERCENT OF THOSE EXPRESSING AN OPINION
WHO FEEL PRESIDENT CARTER IS DOING WELL
IN THE FOLLOWING AREAS:

	MARCH 1977	NOV. 1977	JUNE 1978
HAVING AN OPEN ADMINISTRATION	92%	76%	71%
ADVANCING PEACE IN THE WORLD	83	*	69
MORAL LEADERSHIP	91	78	66
PLACING WOMEN IN LEADERSHIP	83	*	65
IMPROVING RELATIONS WITH ALLIES	84	73	62
ESTABLISHING U.S. PRESTIGE ABROAD	72	*	55
MAKING AMERICANS FEEL GOOD	85	65	48
COMING TO GRIPS WITH ENERGY	64	62	48
KEEPING OUR DEFENSES STRONG	67	*	48
PROVIDING JOBS	61	43	47
DEALING EFFECTIVELY WITH THE U.S.S.R.	60	52	44
CUTTING GOVERNMENT BUREAUCRACY	68	43	33
TAX REFORM	63	36	30
CURBING INFLATION	39	29	19
*QUESTION NOT ASKED			



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Nation

An ERA Defeat

Can the fight go on?

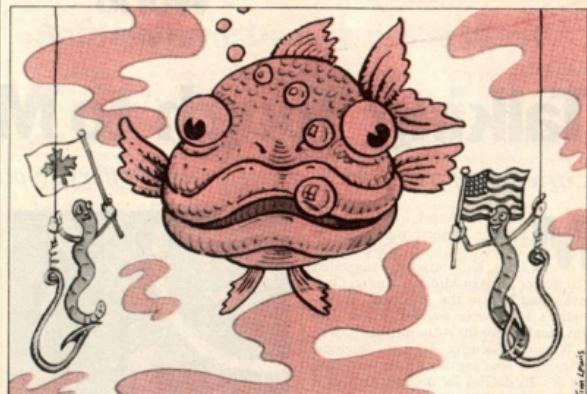
Past fights in Illinois over the Equal Rights Amendment have been bare-knuckle contests, with anti-ERA legislators complaining about "braless, brainless broads." In contrast, last week's debate in the state's house of representatives was a civilized affair. The battle seemed to be over: proponents thought they had the votes to win. Republican Governor James Thompson had been lobbying for support. So too had the powerful Cook County Democratic machine. Thus some 400 spectators, including the Governor's wife, who wore a pro-ERA button, were in an optimistic mood as they crowded into the gallery.

But when the red and green lights flashed the vote on two big electronic scoreboards in the chamber, ERA backers were shocked. The tally was 101 to 64 in favor, six short of the three-fifths majority needed for passage.

The main reason for the defeat was the surprise defection of five black representatives from Chicago, all members of the black caucus, who angrily abstained from the vote. Complained Representative Charles Gaines: "No one took us seriously. They counted our votes. But we have been ignored while they romanced every other voting bloc in the house." The caucus members were upset over a deal engineered by ERA lobbyists with another black representative, James C. Taylor. He agreed to back the amendment in return for being named co-sponsor of the bill, thereby improving his chances of being named assistant majority leader next year.

The next day three resolutions were introduced in the house that could bring ERA up for another vote, perhaps this week. Still, victory is far from certain. Explains Thompson: "It'll be hard for me to go back to the Republicans who stuck out their necks. You can only go to the well just so often."

But time is running out for the amendment. Supporters have only until next March 22 to pick up the three states needed for ratification, and the tide is running against ERA. Proponents are asking Congress to extend the deadline by another seven years. Last week a House judiciary subcommittee approved the extension, which is also supported by the Carter Administration. But Sponsor Don Edwards of California figures that the full committee lines up against the measure by 18 votes to 16. To put more pressure on Congress, the National Organization for Women is planning a mass march in Washington July 9. Declares NOW President Ellie Smeal: "We are more determined, more intent, more serious than ever. We will make it clear that ERA is not just going to go away." ■



Fish Fuss

A falling out between friends

In tiny Haines, Alaska (pop. 1,366), some 200 Canadians were suddenly disqualified last week from the annual Salmon Derby. Exclaimed Contest Chairman David Olerud, owner of a sporting goods store: "My God, they're our neighbors!" In Atlantic and Pacific coastal waters, about 100 commercial fishing boats—60 or so American—withdrew in the direction of their home ports. Both countries then set their diplomats to thrashing out the issue that had divided them: the right to fish off each other's coast.

As border clashes go, it was remarkably civilized. The Canada-U.S. Fish War, as it was immediately dubbed, grew out of the adoption in 1977 by the two countries of 200-mile territorial limits for fishing. The jurisdictions overlapped in four areas: Georges Bank off New England, the Juan de Fuca Strait between Vancouver Island and Washington, waters off the Alaskan Panhandle and the Beaufort Sea off northeastern Alaska. With negotiations to settle the border problem going nowhere, Canada banned U.S. commercial fishermen from its waters. The U.S. quickly reciprocated.

Besides boundary lines, the dispute involves conservation. The U.S. last year gave Canadians temporarily increased access to U.S. West Coast salmon grounds, on condition that Canada close its Swiftsure Bank fishing area off British Columbia, where much of the U.S. salmon catch matures, from April 15 until June 14. Canada dawdled in honoring the proviso until May 15. On the East Coast, Canada demanded that the U.S. cut back its catch of scallops, cod, pollock and haddock on the Georges Bank to match quotas imposed by Ottawa on its own fishermen. State Department negotiators declared

that Washington did not have the authority to impose such restrictions.

Neither side wants the fish fuss to go on. Next week, negotiators will sit down again in Ottawa to seek a solution. In any event, while the dispute is causing hardships for some individual fishermen, it affects no more than \$20 million worth of fish. Compared with the \$50 billion in annual trade between the two countries, that is not much to be carping about. ■

A Fortune Won

Hughes' kin keep his millions

Three weeks after Howard Hughes died of kidney failure in 1976, his purported will surfaced mysteriously in Salt Lake City on a desk at the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Dubbed the Mormon will, the document bequeathed his fortune to an improbable collection of institutions and individuals, including a Utah gas station attendant, Melvin Dummarr, who claimed that he had once given Hughes a ride to Las Vegas.

Though the will contained misspellings and references atypical of the reclusive billionaire, one-time Hughes lieutenant Noah Dietrich, who was designated the estate's executor by the Mormon will, pressed the case. He engaged Los Angeles Attorney Harold Rhoden, who lined up several handwriting experts. All testified that the will was written by Hughes.

But their findings were disputed by experts hired by Hughes' relatives. Last week, after a seven-month trial, a jury handed up a unanimous verdict: the Mormon will is a fake. Since no other will has been located, Hughes' dozens of relatives will now be the main beneficiaries of his estate. Once worth at least \$2.3 billion, it dwindled during his final drug-plagued years, by one estimate, to \$169 million—or less. ■

World

EAST-WEST

Talking Tough to Moscow

Carter emphasizes U.S. strength—and offers an olive branch

Moscow was angry, and the transatlantic rhetoric was rising to "chilly war" level. White House aides had privately suggested that Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko had lied to the President. Washington's allies were wondering just who was speaking for the Administration. Was it National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski, who seemed willing to match the Soviets decibel for decibel? Or was it softer-spoken Secretary of State Cyrus Vance, ever the conciliator? Unmistakably, it was time for Carter himself to speak up and clear the air.

Last week the President did so. Addressing a graduation class at his alma mater, the U.S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, Carter talked straight to Moscow in some of the harshest words used by a U.S. President since John Kennedy in 1961 charged the Soviet character with being "stamped for all time on the bloody streets of Budapest." At the same time, he offered the Russians an olive branch of potential good will from the U.S. side, if only they would make the right decision. "The Soviet Union can choose either confrontation or cooperation," said Carter at the climax of his speech, adding soberly, "the United States is adequately prepared to meet either choice."

Some of Carter's bluntest phrases were directed at Moscow's repressive treatment of internal dissent. Clearly referring to the seven-year sentence recently imposed on Helsinki Human Rights Monitor Yuri Orlov, Carter declared that the Soviets' abuse of such rights had earned them "the condemnation of people everywhere who love freedom." "By their actions," Carter added, "they have demonstrated that the Soviet system cannot tolerate freely expressed ideas, notions of loyal opposition and the free movement of peoples. The Soviet Union attempts to export a totalitarian and repressive form of government, resulting in a closed society."

Carter reaffirmed his Administration's own commitment to human rights and extolled the U.S. philosophy "based on personal freedom, the most powerful of all ideas." In a cutting dig, Carter noted that "even Marxist-Leninist groups no longer look on the So-



Carter speaking at Annapolis

MCNALLY—THE WHITE HOUSE



A relaxed President reaches for a Frisbee

Adequately prepared to meet confrontation or cooperation.

viet Union as a model to be imitated."

Carter also emphasized U.S. economic and military strength. Still, he left open to the Kremlin the door to mutual cooperation. He reaffirmed detente as "central to world peace," but added that it must be "reciprocal." The President offered Moscow a wide variety of potential areas for working together with the U.S., ranging from joint solution of political problems in Rhodesia, Namibia, even Ethiopia, to further development of trade, cultural and scientific exchanges. Even the prospects for a SALT II agreement, noted Carter in an upbeat section of his speech, were "good."

Moscow's reaction to Carter's address was no more armonious than could be expected. His words, observed Tass with pique, were "strange, to say the least." Moscow scored his criticism of the Soviet system as "inventions which are standard for present American propaganda." At the same time, the Soviets were showing their disdain for foreign criticism. Even as Carter was speaking, a prominent Moscow dissident, Electrical Communications Engineer Vladimir Slepak, 50, was under arrest on charges of "malicious hooliganism." Slepak had applied without success a dozen times since 1970 to emigrate to Israel; in final desperation he had demonstrated publicly from the balcony of his Moscow apartment. At week's end there was indication that the Soviets might soon bring imprisoned Dissidents Alexander Ginzburg and Anatoli Shcharansky to trial.

Carter's firmness was greeted with approval, and some relief, by key Western European governments, which have been seeking a more positive token of leadership from Washington. Said a senior British official: "In essence, the President's description of the state of American-Soviet and East-West relations is very much as we see it."

In Paris, where five NATO allies met last week to work out plans for helping Zaire, the response was favorable. French officials were happy that Washington shared their growing sense of unease at the African policy of Moscow and its Cuban client. Even West German officials, who have in the past taken a more

jaundiced view of Carter's leadership than most Western allies, seemed a little reassured. Said one of the Annapolis speech: "It was more measured, more thoughtful and more balanced, less preachy and moralizing." Added another: "Now, it seems that the Brezhinski school has won and the President is following that line."

White House aides insisted that Carter's speech was more of a consensus than anything else. In the view of some, the address expressed Brezhinski themes in Viancian tones. It was, in fact, Vance who encouraged Carter to talk about the Soviet Union at Annapolis. But before he left for a quiet weekend of preparation for the speech at Camp David, the President canvassed five top Administration foreign policy leaders for their views on the growing East-West tensions: Vance, Brezhinski, Defense Secretary Harold Brown, U.N. Ambassador Andrew Young and CIA Chief Stansfield Turner.

In the seclusion of the Catoctin mountains, he mulled over their opinions, then wrote out his first draft. At a White House lunch on Tuesday, the day before the Annapolis graduation, there was speculation among some of his advisers on how the address would be interpreted in the press. One suggested a pool on the subject, which led another to propose, jokingly, that the official getting the most credit should then resign. In the end, the address went through a mere three drafts compared with six or seven versions for previous important speeches Carter has made.

For the address, Carter seemed jovial. Later in the week he even found time to chase a Frisbee on the White House lawn. His aides, meanwhile, professed to be surprised that most commentators were more impressed by the hard language than the olive branch. Some of the phrasing undoubtedly fueled the worries of Carter's critics about U.S.-Soviet relations. Idaho's Senator Frank Church grumbled: "We are hearing the old tactic, the Russians are coming, the Russians are coming, and it is being used with disturbing frequency."

On Capitol Hill, Carter's congressional allies were sounding a different refrain. The chilling-over of Moscow-Washington relations in recent weeks, they said, would make it very hard for the Administration to command the two-thirds Senate vote needed for ratification of a SALT II agreement. The danger was a real one. Observers in Washington noted with concern that further deferrals of a SALT agreement would unleash an uncontrollable new round of arms programs.

Evidently, this was a message that Carter tried to send from Annapolis to the Russians last week when he warned that "sharp disputes, or threats to peace will complicate the quest for an agreement." The Kremlin was being served notice by the Carter Administration that neither a SALT II agreement nor other cooperative adventures could survive a continuation of the sharp tensions that have arisen between the two superpowers. ■

Solzhenitsyn: Decline of the West

The day after Carter's speech at Annapolis, exiled Russian Novelist Alexander Solzhenitsyn delivered his first major speech in three years. It was an extraordinary jeremiad, and its main target was not the Soviet system, whose evils he has vividly chronicled, but the West, where he has made his new home. At Harvard University's commencement, the 59-year-old Nobel laureate received a standing ovation as he was made an honorary Doctor of Letters. Then, like an Old Testament prophet, he denounced in an hourlong address such evils of modern American society as civic cowardice, immoral legalism, a licentious press, capitulation in Asia, and godless humanism. Excerpts from the speech:

A decline in courage may be the most striking feature which an outside observer notices in the West in our days. The Western world has lost its civil courage, both as a whole and separately, in each country, each government, each political party, and of course in the United Nations. Should one point out that from ancient times decline in courage has been considered the beginning of the end?

I have spent all my life under a Communist regime, and I will tell you that a society without any objective legal scale is a terrible one indeed. But a society with no other scale but the legal one is not quite worthy of man either. The letter of the law is too cold and formal to have a beneficial influence on society. Whenever the tissue of life is woven of legalistic relations, there is an atmosphere of moral mediocrity, paralyzing man's noblest impulses.

Should someone ask me whether I would indicate the West such as it is today as a model to my country, frankly I would have to answer negatively. Through intense suffering our country [Russia] has now achieved a spiritual development of such intensity that the Western system in its present state of spiritual exhaustion does not look attractive. After the suffering of decades of violence and oppression, the human soul longs for things higher, warmer and purer than those offered by today's mass living habits, introduced by the revolting invasion of publicity, by TV stupor and by intolerable music.

Hastiness and superficiality are the psychic disease of the 20th century. More than anywhere else, this disease is reflected in the press. In-depth analysis of a problem is anathema to the press. There is a dangerous tendency to form a herd, shutting off successful development [of independent thought]. I have received letters in America from highly intelligent persons, maybe a teacher in a far-away small college, who could do much for the renewal and salvation of this country, but his country does not hear him because the media are not interested in him.

How did the West decline from its triumphal march to its present sickness? The mistake must be at the root, at the very basis of human thinking in the past centuries. [An erroneous world view] became the basis for government and social science, and could be defined as rationalistic humanism or humanistic autonomy: the proclaimed and enforced autonomy of man from any higher force above him. It based modern Western civilization on the dangerous need to worship man and his material needs. However, in early democracies, as in American democracy at the time of its birth, all individual human rights were granted because man is God's creature. That is, freedom was given to the individual conditionally, in the assumption of his constant religious responsibility. Subsequently, however, all such limitations were discarded everywhere in the West: a total liberation occurred from the moral heritage of Christian centuries with their great reserves of mercy and sacrifice. The West ended up by truly enforcing human rights, sometimes even excessively, but man's sense of responsibility to God and society grew dimmer and dimmer.



Alexander Solzhenitsyn at Harvard

World

ZAÏRE

Saving a Country from Itself

Once again the West tries to shore up Mobutu's regime

It is a debatable proposition that Zaïre, the former Belgian Congo, is the most ungovernable of African states. Having staved off the latest threat to its existence—an invasion of Shaba region by Angolan-based Katangese secessionists—the U.S. and its Western allies turned to a larger problem: how to save the huge, resource-rich land from its awesome problems, and from itself.

A gigantic rescue operation was already under way. Early last week, U.S. Air Force C-141 Starlifters began to arrive in Lubumbashi, the capital of Shaba. The planes brought in 100 tons of supplies ranging from ammunition to ambulances. They also carried 1,500 Moroccan troops,

who are soon to be joined by another 500 soldiers from Senegal, Gabon and Togo. Replacing French Foreign Legionnaires, the African force will help the faltering government of President Mobutu Sese Seko maintain the peace.

Meanwhile, representatives of five Western nations (the U.S., France, Britain, Belgium and West Germany) were meeting in Paris; this week an expanded group of Western delegates—as well as some from Japan, Saudi Arabia and Iran—will move on to Brussels. The purpose of both meetings: to devise an economic rescue plan for Zaïre. For a start, the group will raise \$100 million to cover the next three months, with \$40 million of this amount contributed by the U.S. That may be just the beginning. Bankrupt Zaïre's debts already approach \$3 billion, and its chief sources of foreign revenue, the copper and cobalt mines of Shaba, may be shut off for several months as a result of the recent fighting.

To make Shaba secure, Zaïre will need outside military assistance for its poorly organized and undisciplined 40,000-man army. The diplomatic question was how to provide it. After getting assurances that other moderate African states would help, Morocco's King Hassan II agreed to come to the rescue, as he had done following a similar raid on Shaba by Katangese rebels a year earlier. The King, however, is opposed to a plan, favored by French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, to create a permanent pan-African military force under Western auspices that would be available for service in future emergencies in Zaïre and elsewhere on the continent.



Mobutu (right) with visiting President Kaunda

STAFF/STAFF



Moroccan troops arriving in Lubumbashi as part of international rescue operation

This time the West is insisting on a strict price in terms of reform.

Other African countries, notably Nigeria and Tanzania, are also cool to the proposal. They object to the interventionism of former colonial powers, and they argue that any military force should be tied to the Organization of African Unity. Tanzanian President Julius Nyerere, who has welcomed several of the Carter Administration's previous initiatives on Africa, accused Carter last week of listening to "hysterical voices" in his Government who were exaggerating the current Soviet-Cuban activity on the continent.

Skepticism about the Carter Administration's charge of deep Communist involvement in the invasion of Zaïre last month was also voiced by members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Chairman John Sparkman said the evidence that Cuba had trained and equipped the Katangese rebels was "circumstantial" and "substantial but by no means conclusive." Senator Jacob Javits was the only committee member who seemed fully satisfied with the Administration's contention last week. Though the evidence produced by U.S. intelligence has not been made public, TIME Correspondent William McWhirter has learned that it includes transcripts of the radio traffic between Katangese rebel units during the invasion. Monitored by a U.S. intelligence station in Lubumbashi, the traffic points to a tangible Cuban presence in the area.

The Administration was fully aware of African criticism of the Western role in Zaïre, and of the danger that the Soviet Union and Cuba might respond to the creation of a pro-Western African force by trying to assemble a radical African military power capable of causing serious mischief in Rhodesia and other trouble spots. The Administration also realized that in underscoring its opposition to Soviet-Cuban adventurism in Africa, the U.S. must not appear to be embracing the policies of South Africa and Rhodesia, whose governments have quietly hoped that the recent troubles in Zaïre would have the effect of reducing Western pressure on Pretoria and Salisbury for racial reform.

Indeed, South African Foreign Minister Roelof Botha welcomed Carter's criticism of Soviet activities in Africa. It was now up to Pretoria to convince the U.S. Administration of "the realities facing Africa," he said. Significantly, Carter made little mention of Zaïre in his Annapolis speech; he may well have been responding to U.N. Ambassador Andrew Young's argument that the U.S. must not lose sight of the far greater importance of the black-white struggle in southern Africa. At the Paris meeting, the U.S., as well as Britain and Belgium, argued for an African military force with a specific and limited mission: to support Zaïre during the current emergency.

While the Western powers were debating his country's fate, the flamboyant



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Mobutu was busy with a rescue operation of his own. Clad in battle fatigues and accompanied by an honor guard and a brass band, he appeared again and again at Lubumbashi airport at the head of a cavalcade of Jeeps and Mercedes sedans. He greeted Zambia's visiting President Kenneth Kaunda, and China's Foreign Minister Huang Hua, who had flown to Shaba to emphasize Peking's opposition to Soviet-Cuban influence in Africa. On his visit to Peking, President Carter's National Security Adviser, Zbigniew Brzezinski, had reportedly urged the Chinese to take a stronger role in African affairs. Before leaving Kinshasa, Huang promised Mobutu unspecific support in his struggle against "Soviet imperialism."

European residents of Zaïre had grown particularly nervous as most of the remaining French troops prepared to

AFRICA

Bye-Bye for Tiny Rowland

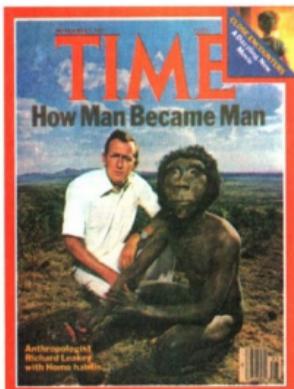
An industrialist gets burned at Rhodesian liberation politics

He has been described as a modern-day Cecil Rhodes. If anything, comparison with the great 19th century imperialist understates the restless, driving ambition and material success of Roland ("Tiny") Rowland, 60, chief executive of the London-based conglomerate Lonrho, Ltd. Rowland has transformed a small initial stake in Africa into one of the continent's biggest commercial empires. Among his friends are Presidents Kenneth Kaunda of Zambia, Mobutu Sese Seko of Zaïre, Hastings Kamuzu Banda of Malawi and Jomo Kenyatta of Kenya —not to mention Prime Minister Ian

dealings with both sides in the delicate Rhodesian situation.

Rhodesia has a special meaning for Rowland: it is where the India-born entrepreneur got his start. Emigrating from London to Salisbury in 1948, Rowland used a small fortune acquired from a local Mercedes-Benz dealership to buy up 30% of Lonrho in 1961; at that time it was a sleepy ranching and mining company known as London and Rhodesian Mining and Land Co. Ltd. He then embarked on a strategy of befriending black nationalist leaders on the way to furthering his business interests. It paid off: Lonrho's holdings include an estimated 1 million Rhodesian land and substantial concessions, sugar and tea plan-

FROM THE BEGINNING



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Since 1923 TIME has covered the politics of social and economic reform. Among the proposed demands: a completely rebuilt army, a re-modeled central bank, better food distribution, and guarantees that there will be no government reprisals against the civilian population of Shaba, which has never liked Mobutu and made little secret of its sympathy for the invading rebels.

Whether the Zaïrian President would sit still for such conditions is another question. In an interview at week's end, Mobutu declared: "We can accept aid but we cannot accept the involvement of other countries in our internal affairs. I don't want to know how prisoners are treated in Sing Sing. Democracy in Zaïre does not mean what it does in France or the United States." Chances are, though, that the Western powers at this week's Brussels meeting would make him an offer he could not refuse. ■

meddling in the politics of black majority rule in Rhodesia. Not only does Lonrho have vast investments in the breakaway British colony but Rowland has friends—favored ones—both among the leaders involved in Smith's "internal settlement" and among the Patriotic Front leaders who are fighting them. The industrialist's immediate problem, however, lay in nearby Tanzania, where the socialist government of President Julius Nyerere announced plans to nationalize Lonrho's 18 local affiliates.

Ostensibly, the reason for the takeover was that Lonrho had been evading the United Nations' economic sanctions against Rhodesia (which black African leaders refer to as Zimbabwe). In fact, the move was an irritated response by Nyerere, a prominent backer of the Patriotic Front, to Rowland's ambiguous

tations in Malawi, textile mills in the Ivory Coast, newspapers, copper mines and breweries in Zambia, coal, platinum and copper mines in South Africa, and the continent's largest auto dealership (selling, in addition to Mercedes, Ford and Toyota cars). The company has diversified far beyond Africa, employing 100,000 people in 600 subsidiaries in 43 countries.

Ever since U.N. sanctions were imposed on Rhodesia in 1965, Lonrho's Rhodesian subsidiaries have operated—thematically, at least—at arm's length from the parent firm. Rowland, who for years has known virtually all of the country's political leaders, black and white, seems to be obsessed with finding a workable solution to the political dilemma. Says one of his London business colleagues: "There is a messianic streak in Tiny's makeup that he, and he alone,



World

can solve the Rhodesian problem."

For some time Rowland has been funneled money to Joshua Nkomo, co-leader of the guerrilla armies of the Patriotic Front. Among other things, he footed a \$65,000 hotel bill for Nkomo and his entourage at the unsuccessful Geneva peace talks of 1976. Last September, Rowland flew Ian Smith on a Lonrho Learjet to a clandestine meeting with Zambia's Kaunda, one of the five front-line black leaders supporting the Patriotic Front. In February, Smith asked Rowland to arrange another meeting between Kaunda and a senior white Rhodesian Cabinet minister. Smith's goal: to get Kaunda's help in bringing Nkomo into the interim Executive Council that now rules Rhodesia. Since Rowland and Kaunda both objected to certain aspects of Smith's proposal, the initiative failed.

Meanwhile, Lonrho's Rhodesian subsidiaries were supplying easy credit to followers of the Rev. Ndabaningi Sithole, one of three moderate black leaders on the Executive Council. Sithole loyalists, once known to be virtually penniless, have bought expensive houses and farms, and ride around in Land Rovers and Mercedes automobiles that younger Africans describe sardonically as "Lonrhomobiles." Asked one black student leader at the University of Rhodesia: "What the hell is Rowland trying to do, swap Ian Smith for this crowd of bought blacks?"

Many African experts believe that Rowland wants to woo Nkomo away from his Marxist co-leader in the Patriotic Front, Robert Mugabe, and thus clear the way for Nkomo to become the first black President of independent Zimbabwe. Some Mugabe loyalists go further: they accuse Rowland of trying to encourage members of their faction to defect to Nkomo's camp. The allegations were passed on to Tanzania's Nyerere, who has tried assiduously to avoid such a split within the Patriotic Front. Thus Nyerere's reaction to Rowland's maneuvering was predictably furious.

Tanzania's expropriation of Lonrho's assets amounts to no more than a slap on Rowland's wrist. Nyerere's government is talking about a payment of \$4 million for the nationalized properties; whatever their worth, they make only a tiny contribution to the company's total revenues (\$2.5 billion last year). The Tanzanian President hoped that other African countries would follow his lead in chastising the corporate giant. No such luck. Zambia's Kaunda, whose country's ailing economy might collapse if Rowland abandoned his interests there, made it clear that he would not touch Lonrho. But even with the support of his friends, it looked as if Tiny Rowland's days as a behind-the-scenes matchmaker in Rhodesian politics might be coming to an end. ■

*Last week Nkomo admitted, as Western intelligence experts have long suspected, that Cubans are training his Zambia-based forces.

ETHIOPIA

War, Famine and Death

Along with other problems, the desert locust is back again

They covered the whole face of the earth, wasting all things. The grass of the earth was devoured, and whatsoever fruits were on the trees which the hail had left. And there remained not anything that was green on the trees, or in the herbs of the earth in all Egypt.

—Exodus 10:15

Those same locusts that plagued ancient Egypt and the Israelites—known to science as *Schistocerca gregaria* forks—were back again. This time, the country under attack was Ethiopia. Last week agriculture experts reported that sections of the country's northern provinces were being devastated by 33 separate locust swarms, ranging in size from 5 to 40 sq. mi. Neighboring Somalia, meanwhile, reported 17 giant swarms of the buzzing, shell-covered creatures, which can sweep 100 sq. mi. of farm land clean overnight. Jean Roy, an expert in locust control operations for the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization (FAO), described the situation as "the worst I have known in 35 years."

The FAO proposed that Ethiopia and Somalia each declare states of emergency to combat the locusts. Cooperation in the battle against the insects seemed unlikely, since the two nations were still at odds because of an abortive Somali attempt to seize the Ogaden region; Ethiopia had repulsed that invasion with Russian and Cuban help. Meanwhile, the migrating locusts were slowly eating their way toward mountainous country in northern Ethiopia, where it would be much harder to locate and attack them with insecticides.

The desert locust breeds every six weeks. If the swarms were not soon brought under control, Roy warned, their offspring could create an even more devastating plague as they spread through Africa, the Middle East and even the Indian subcontinent.

As if locusts were not enough of a problem for Ethiopian Leader Mengistu Haile Mariam, his country was also faced once again with mass famine. In Ethiopia's Wollo and Tigre provinces, crops had been scourged by a deadly fungus known as ergot. The fungus, called St. Anthony's fire in medieval days, creates an ugly dilemma. Anyone who eats the infected grain risks the danger of a circulatory disorder that eventually blocks blood flow and causes gangrene. The alternative is starvation. FAO experts believe that the famine is potentially as crippling as the one that Ethiopia suffered in 1973, when an estimated 200,000 people died.

The Soviet Union, which has provided Mengistu's regime with nearly \$900 million in military assistance for his wars against Somalia and secessionist rebels in Eritrea, has not done anything remotely comparable to alleviate the internal catastrophes. As usual, it Western nations working with the FAO that are providing emergency aid to feed starving Ethiopians by airlift before rains make the affected provinces unreachable. The U.S. alone has contributed nearly \$2.5 million in the past six months to help Ethiopians. ■



Close-up of locusts and swarm attacking a field in Ethiopia during earlier infestation

They covered the face of the earth threatening to create a more devastating plague.



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Panoramic view of the Jordan Valley and Ma'ale Ephraim, a Jewish urban settlement on the West Bank

REININGER—CONTACT

World

MIDDLE EAST

West Bank: The Cruelest Conflict

Two peoples, Jewish and Palestinian, struggle for an ancient homeland

Much of it looks today as it must have looked in the time of Jesus. Gnarled, green olive trees cling to the arid slopes while vineyards thrive in the valleys watered by the Jordan River. Donkeys and bony oxen pull ploughs to cultivate laboriously terraced hillsides where farmers for generations have carefully cleared away rocks from the sere soil. Yet television antennas sprout incongruously from the roofs of houses in Arab villages, while women in colorfully embroidered dresses still gather to wash and gossip at the central well. In Jewish settlements that dot the sun-drenched landscape, youths in jeans and yarmulkes dance the hora after school is let out. Their parents leave guns at the door when they gather at the community center—surrounded, as often as not, by barbed wire and sand bags—for Sabbath prayer.

To its 692,000 Palestinian inhabitants, this 2,300-sq.-mi. land of rolling hills and valleys that lies between the Jordan and the coastal plain is the West Bank, the heartland of what they hope will eventually be an independent Palestinian state. The Palestinian yearning for a national homeland after centuries of rule by the Turks, the British and the Jordanians is every bit as intense as that of Zionist settlers before the creation of Isra-

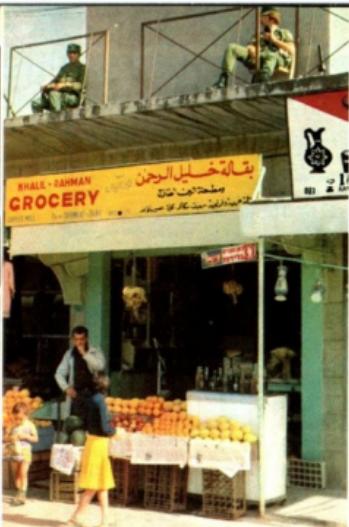
el. In a sense, it is a "twice Promised Land," once by Yahweh to the Jews in biblical times, again by the United Nations to the Arabs when it partitioned Palestine in 1947. To the area's 5,000 Jewish settlers, and to thousands of other Israelis, the land is Judea and Samaria, a part of the Eretz Yisrael into which Abraham led God's chosen people. Disputes about the future of the West Bank, which was occupied by Israel eleven years ago this month during the Six-Day War, cloud the prospects for a Middle East peace settlement. More than that, those arguments focus on the cruelest of conflicts: two families fighting over the same home.

The Israelis argue that security requires them to supervise the West Bank militarily, while history grants them the right to settle there. They contend that if an independent Palestinian state were created in the West Bank (and in the Gaza Strip along the Mediterranean), it would quickly be taken over by the Palestine Liberation Organization and used as a launching pad for terrorist attacks on Israel. For that reason, last December Premier Menachem Begin put forward a 26-point proposal for the occupied territories that would give limited self-rule to the Arabs on domestic matters. Israeli authorities, however, would still be responsi-

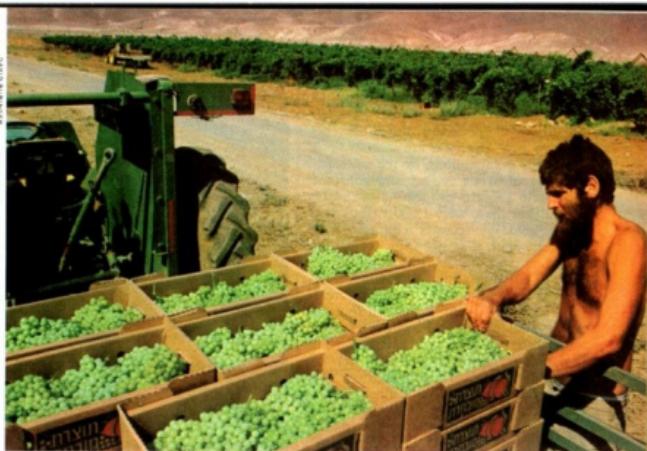
sible for "security and public order," meaning continued occupation.

Although U.N. Resolution 242 calls on Israel to withdraw from territories occupied in 1967, Begin came to power last year on a platform proclaiming that Israel's right to the West Bank was "eternal." Many of Begin's countrymen are even more adamant in arguing the Bible-based claim to the area. Last week *Gush Emunim* (Group of the Faithful), a religious nationalist movement led by Hanan Porat that has sponsored many of the West Bank pioneers, demanded that the government confiscate Arab land to provide for new Jewish settlements.

The Begin plan has been rejected by Egyptian President Anwar Sadat and other Arabs. It is overwhelmingly denounced by the West Bank Palestinians on the ground that it would merely continue an occupation they find hateful and humiliating. Home rule, they argue, in no way satisfies their need for a national identity. They dismiss the security argument as fraudulent. Soldier for soldier, weapon for weapon, Israel is the most powerful state in the Middle East despite its small size; the West Bank, which almost certainly would be demilitarized in a peace settlement giving it autonomy,



Israeli soldiers on roof of Arab grocery in Hebron



An Israeli settler prepares a load of grapes from the vineyard at Phatzael



A Palestinian shepherd with his flock in a field near Jenin

has no airport, no arms factories and no means to build them. Pointing to the millions of Palestinian exiles living in Lebanon, Jordan and other Arab states, they ask: Why should Jewish emigrants from Russia and the U.S. have the right to settle on land that Arabs have lived on for at least 1,000 years, while refugees born in Haifa and Jaffa cannot go home again?

Israel argues, with some justice, that its occupation of the West Bank has been as benign as such a military operation can be, and that, in any case, it is considerably more enlightened than the rule of Jordan, which governed the area between 1950 and 1967. Israelis point out that West Bankers choose their own mayors. The West Bank's standard of living has improved dramatically, and more than 40,000 Palestinians work in Israel.

As might be expected, there are differing opinions between Israelis and West Bankers on what the occupation has meant economically to the region. Foreign economists conclude that both sides benefit, though Israel comes out ahead. The West Bank buys 91% of its imports from Israel, while it sells only 65% of its exports in return. Nearly half of the West Bank's 90,000 workers hold jobs in Israel, but they are often in areas that Israelis shun such as garbage collection, day labor and construction. Moreover, they receive, on the average, 81% of the wages Israelis get for the same work.

To the Palestinians, the Jordanian occupation, undesirable as it was, was somewhat more palatable because they at least shared a common culture. The West Bank Arabs may be well dressed and fed, but they despise their Israeli occupiers, despise themselves for being so impotent, despise the world for looking on uncaring-

ly. They believe they are being robbed of their culture, shorn of their rights, exploited and humiliated.

Their anger is fueled daily by the presence of 2,200 Israeli occupation troops. Every Palestinian has some horror story to tell about Jewish oppression: a relative deported without legal proceedings, a family home destroyed, beatings and arrests, degradations and insults, racism and arrogance. In a report on human rights in Israel, the U.S. State Department this year noted that in the West Bank "military authorities may enter private homes and institutions in pursuit of security objectives as they see fit. This has occurred frequently, sometimes resulting in damage to property and injury to inhabitants."

The report went on to cite restrictions on freedom of expression and assembly, travel and political activity in the West Bank.

Despite Israel's insistence that West Bankers' rights are respected, the fact is that they may be stopped and searched

at any time, arrested and held without charge, convicted of so-called security violations, sometimes without representation by a lawyer, and denied work permits for their chosen profession. Many official communications, including tax statements and phone bills, are in Hebrew, a language that few Palestinians know. West Bankers pay in taxes just about what it costs Israel to maintain the occupation, aside from the expenses of its troops. Yet they complain that they are not allowed even to dig irrigation wells for much-needed water for agriculture.

A particularly humiliating form of harassment is the ubiquitous "checkpoint"—which is anywhere an Israeli soldier decides to make it. West Bank Palestinians, whose license plates are blue in contrast to the Israeli yellow, may be stopped three or four times driving to and from work each day. Says one West Bank intellectual: "It is a common sight in Nablus or Ramallah to see two or three Israeli sol-

diers rush into a coffeehouse and shout: "All out to the pavement." Customers are then asked at gunpoint to face the wall while they are body-searched and their identity cards checked. If you happen not to have your I.D., you are sure to be in for rough manhandling by the soldiers."

Fear of arrest is real and constant. The State Department estimates that as of last year there were 1,500 Palestinians being held on security charges. West Bankers claim that since the occupation began, at least 100,000 Palestinians have been in jail at one time or another, a figure that foreign observers consider realistic. Earlier this year, Ramallah Journalist Raymonde Tawel, 36, wife of a banker and mother of five, was taken from her home after midnight and held for six weeks in "administrative detention." No charges were ever lodged against her, but during lengthy interrogations she was repeatedly asked why foreign journalists came to talk to her. "Who are you?" screamed one Israeli guard at her. "You are an animal!" Then, Mrs. Tawel claims, he spat in her face and struck her in the nose. "You feel so humiliated," she recalls. "I felt that if only I would not cry, I would show them. But I couldn't help it. It was so horrible."

Arab students are frequently arrested for such vaguely defined crimes as "inappropriate talk." Brother Joseph Loewenstein, president of Bethlehem University and a member of the Roman Catholic Christian Brothers order, kept a log last year of undergraduates who were called in for interrogation. Out of a student body of 400, 104 were questioned. Sometimes, he says, a Jeep-load of soldiers will stop near the school and demand to see every student's identification. "It upsets the students terribly," says Brother Joseph. "The occupation has taken away all of their self-assurance. It has caused not so much a physical fear as a dread of the humiliation and degrading attitude of most of the authorities."

The most flagrant recent example of harassment occurred at Beit Jala (pop. 8,200) two months ago, during the Israeli invasion of Lebanon: some 50 Israeli troops surrounded a school, ordered the students to close the windows, and then lobbed canisters of CS antiriot gas into the classrooms. Some students leaped 18 ft. to the rocky ground below. Ten were hospitalized with fractures. Military authorities at first denied the incident, but Israeli Defense Minister Ezer Weizman pressed his own investigation and found it to be true. He removed Brigadier General David Hagoel, 49, as military governor of the West Bank.

*Only five days before the scheduled withdrawal of Israeli troops from southern Lebanon, 150 Israeli commandos, using boats and helicopters, last week hit a Palestinian camp at Aaqbiye, six miles south of Salfit. The force, which included women, was aimed at a terrorist training camp; sources in Lebanon suspected that the raid was retaliation for the recent bombing of a bus in Jerusalem, in which six people were killed. Death toll in the attack: five Palestinian soldiers, at least six Lebanese civilians, and two Israelis.



Israeli soldier stopping car with West Bank license plate at checkpoint near Bethlehem

Israel has repeatedly denied that maltreatment or torture is part of its official policy. But members of the diplomatic corps as well as of volunteer groups have witnessed numerous incidents of demonstrators being beaten during arrests. "I know torture happens," says Hugh Harcourt, 48, an American professor of cultural studies at Bir Zeit University. "I don't know how you prove it, but if I see one of my students picked up by the Israelis and I see that he is injured when he is released, what am I supposed to think?" Amnesty International has asked Israel for an investigation of alleged ill-treatment of certain Palestinian and Israeli-Arab prisoners.

Palestinians complain bitterly about cultural oppression as well. As a people, they have always prized literature and the arts and kept high standards of literacy and education. In private, students angrily equate Zionism with Nazism. They note that books referring to Palestinian culture or nationalism are censored, and that residents of the occupied territories are hindered from receiving publications from Arab countries. Literary censorship, however, is quixotically enforced, and examples of a powerful new Palestinian literature—plays, novels but most notably verse, circulate freely in the West Bank. Inevitably, the themes of the writings reflect a yearning for freedom by artists living under an alien oppression.

Nothing infuriates the West Bankers more than the Jewish settlements. The early ones were established by Israel's Labor government after the Six-Day War along the Jordan Valley—a first-line of defense composed of quasi-military outposts. Since then, Israel has invested \$2 billion in settling all the occupied territories (which include the Sinai, the Golan Heights and the Gaza Strip). The 51 communities throughout the West Bank have alone received \$1 billion.

Since Begin came to power, the government has legitimized formerly illegal settlements started by Israelis who sim-



Hanan Porat with Gush Emunim group



Arab construction worker in West Bank
Despising the occupiers and themselves.

World

ply went out to the West Bank. There are even more ambitious plans for the future. Agriculture Minister Ariel Sharon is promoting a plan to settle 2 million Jews in the occupied territories. Defense Minister Weizman has drawn up a plan of his own; it calls for the construction of six large urban centers on the West Bank. If carried out, says a longtime observer in Jerusalem, "this plan would be the last straw. In five or ten years, it would gobble up so many land resources that the West Bank would become an integral part of Israel." Arab states and the U.S. agree that the settlements violate the Fourth Geneva Convention, which prohibits an occupying power from transferring parts of its population to conquered territory.

Israeli officials frequently speak of the settlers as living in peace with their Palestinian neighbors. In fact, these pioneers have relatively little contact with Arab villages near by. Palestinian farmers do come to some settlements to barter fruits and vegetables, but closer contacts are shunned by both sides. When one Arab approached residents at Karnei Shomron, near the 1967 border, and asked if he could send his child to the community's day care center, they said no, on the ground that it would set a dangerous precedent.

The Jewish communities are Israeli fortresses in the midst of Arab hostility. The stark reality is told in the barbed wire strung around Kiryat Arba, the largest settlement (pop. 1,700), and in the armed soldier who stands at the gate of Karnei Shomron. Rabbi Moshe Levinger, 42, of Kiryat Arba, a spokesman for the settlers, admits that he always carries a gun. "The Arabs don't want us here," he explains. "They'd kill us all if they could." Relatively few settlers say they would stay on the West Bank without the Israeli army's protection.

Why, then, do they come? Israel Schindler, 27, secretary of Karnei Shomron, points to a nearby hilltop and notes that from it Jordanian artillery gunners used to fire on Israelis living in Tel Aviv twelve miles away. By settling this region, he insists, Israelis are preventing the enemy guns from returning to that hilltop. Giora Reuveny, 30, is a member of Tomer, a budding Jewish settlement in the sunny Jordan Valley; proudly surveying his six acres of corn, tomatoes and eggplants, he admits to the appeal of the good life at Tomer. Ruth Berchlingue, 46, a French-born Jew, came to Kiryat Arba for religious reasons, and cites *Genesis* 23:9 as proof that Abraham bought the land she is living on.

Many thoughtful Israelis, hawks and doves alike, are alarmed by the long-term impact of the continued occupation, on Israel as much as on the West Bank. Says Emmanuel Sivan, a professor of Islamic history at Jerusalem's Hebrew University: "For the generation of Israelis in their 20s, the occupation has been the natural

order of things; this is certainly bad. They have learned that the Arabs are at the lower end of the ladder, which creates a vision of each other that is not conducive to coexistence. I'm not worried about whether or not we can hold on to the territories. But the price we pay worries me. Here we are, a democratic society, holding another society hostage." Uri Avneri, editor of the Tel Aviv weekly magazine *Ha'olam Hazeh*, is even more outspoken. "The occupation is an unmitigated disaster for Israel. The fact that the Palestinians remain without their dignity poses a greater danger to Israeli security than any long-range benefit Israel could have from the military side of things."

Other Israelis acknowledge the injustice of the occupation but are troubled by

cupation of the West Bank has now evolved into a semipermanent "liberation," as Begin calls it. Does this mean that the Jewish state—a nation born of discrimination and a longing for freedom—has become blind and insensitive to sufferings of others? Have the Israelis lost something of their humanity in a quest for security forced upon them by Arab hostility and four bloody wars?

Even some Israelis would admit that there is no easy answer to those hard questions. Moreover, many sympathetic foreign observers of Israel are concerned about a kind of national neurosis that goes beyond what is frequently called its Holocaust complex. Reports TIME Jerusalem Bureau Chief Donald Neff: "Israelis have a world view so charged with the desolation of the past and the anguish of living memory that all sense of trust has been eradicated. Many Jews today are tormented by the past, troubled by the present, fearful of survival in the future. Asked about the occupation, they respond that it is benign, that the Palestinians never had it so good, that anyway Israel would not be an occupier if the Arabs had not compelled it to fight. In the end, they ignore the problem. They turn their eyes from Palestinian troubles and finally talk about something else. A history of four wars, of almost daily terrorism, of hatred and struggle, has become so overpowering that the sound of the word occupation seems pale by comparison."



the alternatives. "The occupation goes against the basic attitudes of Zionism," says Biblical Expert Shmaryahu Talmor of Hebrew University. "It's clear that we have not been able to turn the situation of ourselves as occupiers into one of cooperation. The obvious solution is to say, let's get out of it. But you can't return to a situation [before 1967] where Israel was twelve miles wide at its waist."

In a way, Israel's occupation of the West Bank is an accident—the result of a miscalculation by Jordan's King Hussein. At the start of the Six-Day War, Premier Levi Eshkol urged him not to intervene; when he did so, Israel dislodged his forces from the Old City of Jerusalem and pushed them back across the Jordan River. But what began as a temporary oc-

Zionism gave birth to the state of Israel; it also, inadvertently, helped inspire a sense of nationalism in the Palestinians—a people, Poet Mahmoud Darweesh once wrote, who have "no homeland, no flag and no address." Wrenching as the decision may be, logic suggests that sooner or later Israel will have to give the Palestinians that homeland, that address. Great risks are involved, but there are even greater risks in the alternatives. Gradually expelling the Arabs from the West Bank would be morally unthinkable, and would condemn Israel to a permanent state of hostility with its neighbors. Annexing the West Bank and Gaza, with their 1.1 million Arabs, would turn the Jewish state that Israelis want into the first stage of the binational country that P.L.O. Leader Yasser Arafat seeks. Keeping the Palestinians under occupation, no matter how benign, will only churn up the will to struggle that is expressed in this popular West Bank ballad:

*You may take the last strip of our land
Feed my youth to prison cells
You may plunder my heritage
You may spread a web of terror
On the roofs of my village.
But
I shall not compromise
And to the last pulse in my veins
I shall resist.*

World

WEST GERMANY

Resurgence on the Right

Inspired by leftist radicals, neo-Nazis become more active

Beer mugs in hand, a dozen men relaxed together in an isolated forest clearing. The uniforms they wore were disturbingly familiar: brown shirts, black breeches, high black boots; the swastika motif on their red, black and white armbands was repeated on flags massed behind them. Then, standing at attention, the men thrust their arms upward in a *Heil, Hitler* salute. Armed with rifles, they goose-stepped through a military drill.

Old newsreel footage from Hitler's heyday? A movie or television drama about the Third Reich? No. The scenes were from recently filmed documentaries about neo-Nazi organizations in West Germany. Although their numbers are minuscule, and their threat to democracy in the Federal Republic nonexistent, the neo-Nazis have become more openly militant in recent months—inspired, perhaps, by the brazen terrorism of the leftist Red Army Faction.

The neo-Nazis have not been accused of any murders or kidnappings. Officials believe, however, that they were responsible for three bank robberies netting a total of \$270,000, as well as six raids on military depots in which weapons and ammunition were stolen. In one foray against a NATO training facility in Bergen-Hohne, sentries were surprised by intruders wielding submachine guns who also took weapons and ammunition. Police later charged Salesman Uwe Rohwer, 40, a well-known neo-Nazi in Schleswig-Holstein, and four of his followers with the crime of forming a terrorist group. It marked the first time

that this charge, drawn to deal with radicals of the left, had been invoked against the right.

Arrests of other neo-Nazis on such lesser charges as carrying weapons illegally or disturbing the peace have increased from 80 to 300 in a year. Criminal incidents attributed to the far right rose from 330 in 1976 to 613 last year. More disturbing, there has been an upsurge in anti-Semitic activities, including the desecration of Jewish synagogues and cemeteries with swastikas or Nazi slogans.

Despite the increase in overt activity, membership in extreme rightist organizations, including those that are neo-Nazi and illegal, is well below the postwar 1959 high of 56,200. The extreme rightist National Democratic Party has only 9,000 adherents. Like the West German Communist Party, the N.P.D. is a legal political organization and a singularly ineffective one: in the 1976 general election, the party received only 122,000 votes out of 37.8 million cast.

In addition to the N.P.D., there are an estimated 126 illegal neo-Nazi groups in West Germany. None of them has more than 300 members. Some of them are "alte Nazis" or oldtime Hitlerites like Manfred Roeder, 50, a disbarred lawyer who leads the *Deutsche Bürgerinitiative* (the German People's Movement). Roeder, who recently disappeared underground to escape charges of "public incitement," has damned the present West German government as an "illegal piece of dirt run by criminals." Whoever thinks otherwise is a "Jew-loving idiot."

About half of today's neo-Nazis are under 40; many were not even alive in Hitler's day. Michael Köhnen, 22, for example, the son of a Hamburg businessman, was dishonorably discharged as a *Bundeswehr* lieutenant for his political views. Köhnen now occupies himself running a small (20 member) Hamburg group known as the *Aktionsfront Nationaler Sozialisten*, or Action Front of National Socialists. Like Roeder, Köhnen counts largely on U.S. neo-Nazis for his financial support. Most of the younger recruits are children of middle- or upper-class families who oppose the West German system because they consider it corrupt and because they dislike its democratic compromises. In this they echo the disaffected members of the radical left.

So far, there are no signs of any links between the neo-Nazi and the leftist radicals, although extreme rightist publications praise the Red Army Faction for what one of them calls "highly motivated action against the criminals ruling our society." The neo-Nazis, however, have unsuccessfully attempted to forge links with Palestinian guerrillas, presumably thinking that the two groups shared a common anti-Jewish bias.

Small and ineffectual as the extreme right may be at the moment, West German authorities have no intention of letting it become larger or any more active. As Bonn University Historian Karl-Dietrich Bracher notes: "In the 1920s too there was a situation in which only small groups existed, not a large organization." West Germans overwhelmingly support the government's intention to eliminate the neo-Nazis by legal methods. Says Heinz Oskar Vetter, head of the West German Federation of Unions: "We cannot permit neo-Nazis to gain a foothold in our political life." ■



German rightist waving banner in salute at convention of neo-Nazi organizations; drums and bugles in Mannheim

This time the brown shirts and swastikas are not a threat to German democracy, despite an upsurge in anti-Semitic activities.



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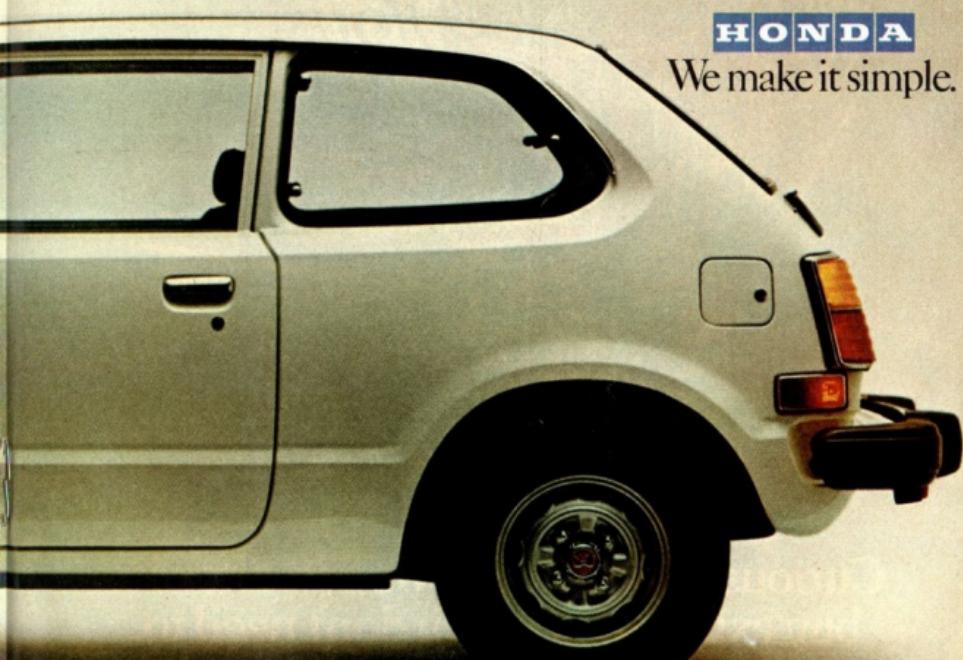
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Education

Modern Spellbinder

Jay O'Callahan has revived the ancient art of storytelling

Once upon a time there was a small and shy boy named Jay who lived in a huge house. Its 32 rooms were filled with tapestries and wood carvings. In an enormous library with shelves from floor to ceiling, he could curl up and read Dickens and Stevenson and *Tom Swift*. Best of all, tucked in a corner of the garden was a little cave where Jay used to sit for hours and imagine that it had once belonged to King Arthur. In the evening, he and his family discussed literature, and sometimes Jay made up stories for them.

A tale from the good old days? In a way. The boy, Jay O'Callahan, is now 39 and makes his living in a fashion that surely would have stumped the panelists of *What's My Line?* He is a spellbinding spinner of stories of his own devising, the practitioner of a craft older than Homer, as old as mankind, that has largely been lost in modern times. Whether he tells about two fatuous bears who are forever pinning medals made of leaves on each other or about the voyages of Magellan, his stories captivate young and old alike. In the past twelve months, he has told his repertoire of 40 tales to 50,000 people from Maine to California, in barn lofts, in museums and, most often, in schools. O'Callahan's base is as storyteller-in-residence for public schools in Quincy, Framingham and Brookline, Mass. Although next fall he will start a radio program called *The Spider's Web*, O'Callahan prefers live audiences. "People are hungry for storytelling because we live in an age preoccupied with technology and science."

Becoming a bard in 20th century



O'Callahan entralling his listeners

No scenery, no props, but lots of power.

America was not easy. O'Callahan started out as dean of a Boston secretarial school founded by his father. Eight years ago, a group of children at a camp asked him to tell them a story. He wove a druidic spell for 35 minutes, making up the story as he went along. It was about a creature in Russia that set upon other animals. "The impact was tremendous," he recalls. "Then and there I decided to give up my job and write novels." He and his wife Linda moved to rural Marshfield, Mass., to operate the local Y.W.C.A. so that he could write. Two unpublished novels and five years later, O'Callahan found that his prime talent was for telling stories aloud. He found it in a manner any parent might envy: entertaining

his own children, Teddy and Laura.

Bearded and spectacled, O'Callahan uses no scenery, no costumes, no props. But he gestures his way through each story, giving his voice dramatic colors, using body language to suggest character and attitude. As a blacksmith, his voice is deep and strong. As a little old lady, he totters and quavers through his lines. Most of his tales are studded with songs, and they run to once-upon-a-time plot lines as simple—and profound—as fairy tales. One story, "Raspberries," is about a kind, honest baker named Simon who is hurt and ridiculed, runs away from his home town in Kansas, grows raspberries for a living, finds himself, and finally returns to home and trade.

When O'Callahan told this story to a group of seventh-graders in a tough Boston school, three unruly boys kept roaming around the room. O'Callahan thought he had failed to capture his audience. But a week later he got a call from the school's principal. One of the roasters kept singing over and over the song from "Raspberries." When he was asked to retell the story to students who had been absent, the boy went on for about 45 minutes, scarcely missing a detail.

In the nature of the telling, no story is ever retold in exactly the same way, but O'Callahan makes no concession to the age of the audience. "If children don't understand a word," he says, "they will search it out. That's how their language will grow." In schools he visits regularly, students often ask to skip lunch or gym to attend a storytelling, a high compliment in these days of wall-to-wall TV. Teachers find O'Callahan not only stirs total attention, but inspires students to read. As Newton P.T.A. Officer Jessica Davis puts it, "It is extraordinary to see a storyteller with the tools of an art centuries old captivate a group of children who thought they'd seen everything." ■

Kudos: Round 4

Bates College John McPhee, Litt.D., writer. *It would strain logic to call you homonymously—though you are certainly terribolous.*

Baylor College of Medicine Roger Guillemin, Litt.D., Nobel laureate in medicine.

Bowling Green State University Erma Bombeck, L.H.D., columnist. *For reminding us that there is agony in adolescence and peril in parenthood, and that heroism is required to survive each.*

Carleton College Muriel Humphrey, L.L.D., U.S. Senator.

Harvard University John Cheever, Litt.D., writer. *He perceives in the American suburb a microcosm of the divisions, tensions and incongruous ecstasies of 20th century life.* Alexander Solzhenitsyn, Litt.D., writer. *A courageous exponent of the unfettered human spirit.*

Ephraim Katzir, Sc.D., biochemist, former President of Israel.

Seretse Khama, LL.D., President, Republic of Botswana.

Kalamazoo College Ralph Abernathy, D.D., civil rights leader.

New School for Social Research George Balanchine, D.F.A., choreographer. *The master teacher of dance who has made believers and balletomane of us all.*

Princeton University Rosalyn Yalow, Sc.D., Nobel laureate in medicine. A. Bartlett Giamatti, L.L.D., president-designate, Yale University.

Vernon Jordan, LL.D., president, National Urban League.

Williams College Anthony Lewis, Litt.D., journalist. Marian Wright Edelman, LL.D., founder and director, Children's Defense Fund.



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The fed chief and the sculptor: Miller and Nevelson on campus



The artist and the actor: De Niro Jr. at his dad's exhibition

People

The Washington money man met the New York artist on neutral turf last week—and at least one of them came away entranced. Says Sculptor **Louise Nevelson** of Federal Reserve Chief **G. William Miller**: "I found him gracious and good to look at—and that never hurts." The setting was Brown University, where Miller and Nevelson were awarded honorary degrees. During the academic procession, Nevelson, whose sable collar and cuffs peeked out from her academic robe, drew curious glances and cheers from onlookers. "I al-

ways dress this way," she reassured the crowd. The outfit, explained Nevelson, is just one of her "summer suits."

Young women with pointed breasts, sing of sap, sing of springtime." The poet is Senegal's longtime President **Léopold Senghor**, 71, who has written seven books of verse. In Manhattan to address the U.N. special session on disarmament, Senghor also read some of his poems to 700 listeners at a local community center. "My basic themes," he



Senegal's Senghor reads poetry

explained, "are black Africa, brotherhood in suffering, death and, very naturally, love, with emphasis on woman, both black and white." For his next book, Senghor plans a collection of poetic elegies, including one on **Martin Luther King**.

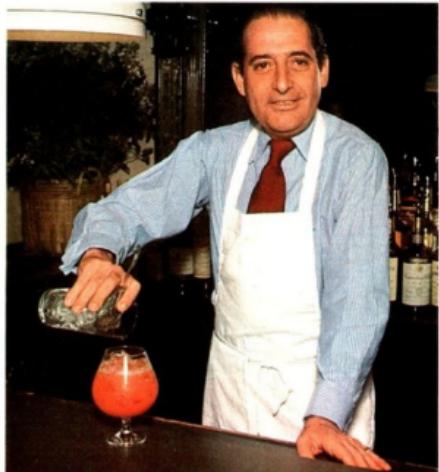
"you're down." The speaker is not the actor but his father, who studied with **Hans Hofmann** and **Josef Albers** and "flirted with abstract expressionism briefly in the 1940s." Since then, he has had periodic shows of his loosely drawn portraits and landscapes somewhat reminiscent of Matisse. At a retrospective exhibition of his father's work at Los Angeles' Stuart David Galleries, **De Niro Jr.** was on hand for the opening. "I like my father's paintings very much," he says. In fact, Dad's first effort, *Negress in a Bathtub*, is now in his son's possession—but consigned to the closet till he finds the right place to hang it.

On the Record

Barnard Hughes, Tony Award winner for his role in *Da*: "I was going to be philosophical if I lost. But thank God I can postpone being philosophical for a while."

Ezer Weizman, Israeli Defense Minister and former air force chief, when asked if he still does trick flying: "Since I've been in politics, I don't need to do acrobatics. I have enough close shaves every day without flying."

Fran Lebowitz, author (*Metropolitan Life*): "Really, I'm against the idea that writers should be struggling and poor. I think there are other disciplines besides poverty."

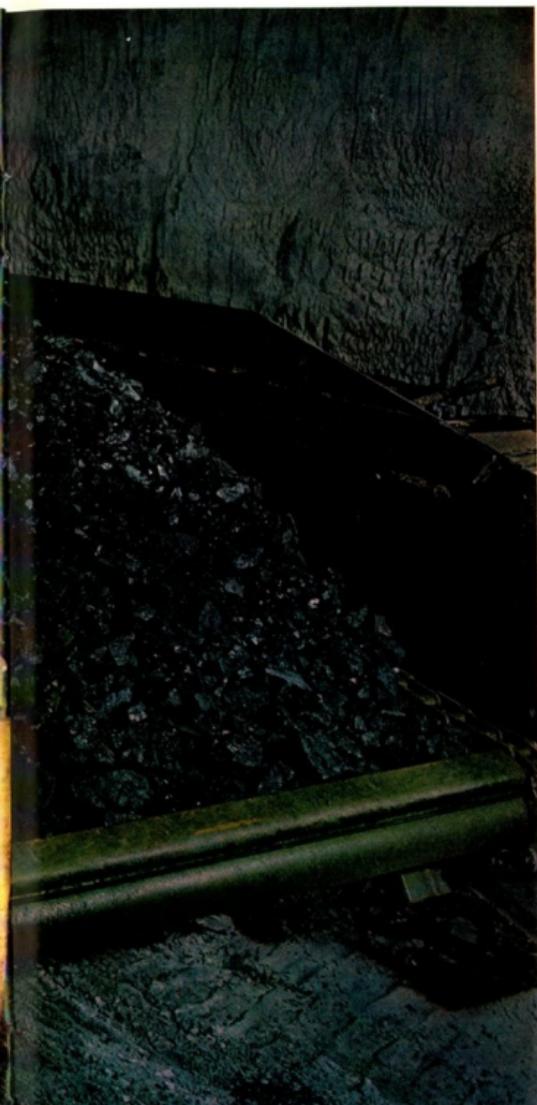


For Uzielli, it's bye-bye to Wall Street and bottoms up for Uzies

The life of an artist, says **Robert De Niro**, is "a very showbizzy thing. You're up and



Energy for a st



Nearly a third of the world's coal lies under the U.S. Dolly Monte is down there helping to get it out.

The U.S. has about 250 billion tons of coal that's economically minable with today's technology. This represents more than twice the energy in the proven oil reserves of the Middle East.

The coal that lies under the United States will help serve as a bridge between the world's finite petroleum reserves currently being depleted and the unlimited energy sources of the future—large-scale solar power, nuclear fusion and other advanced technologies.

A lot of coal lies close to the surface. But a significant amount is deep underground. And, since it can't be pumped out the way oil can, people have to go down and bring it up.

Dolly Monte is one of 500 employees in Exxon's modern mine in Carlinville, Illinois. She began as a general laborer, then joined a production crew as a shuttle car operator. "I'm really a truck driver," says Dolly, "but my 'truck' is 300 feet underground."

The mine doesn't look as you might expect. The walls are sprayed with white powdered limestone. The work areas are large and well ventilated.

In order to more than double coal production by 1990, the U.S. will need 200 new coal mines, producing an average 5 million tons a year. The work force will have to double. Thanks to modern technology, mining is becoming a job that many people, including an increasing number of women, are choosing.

Exxon has a growing commitment to coal production and research. For more information on coal as an alternate energy resource, write to Exxon Corporation, Dept. A, P.O. Box 4125, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017



Wrong America

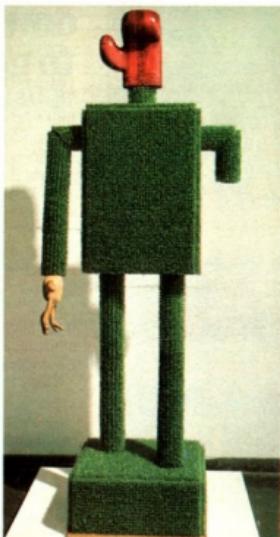
Westermann's Witty Sculptures

At the Whitney, a craftsman in the American grain

If artists were comic-strip heroes, Horace Clifford Westermann would be Popeye. The gimlet stare, the laconic speech, the cigar stub jutting like a bowsprit from the face, the seafaring background and fo'c'sle oaths, the muscular arm—all are there. He signs his work with an anchor, and Westermann's age, 55, is about right too. What the comparison lacks, of course, is the talent. Westermann's retrospective of 59 sculptures and 24 drawings, which runs until mid-July at the Whitney Museum in New York and then goes on a tour of museums in New Orleans, Des Moines, Seattle and San Francisco through the spring of 1979, attests to that. For a small but steadfast audience, Westermann's imagination has for years been one of the most original and disturbing in American art. During the '60s, he was widely conceded to as a minor figure, a Yankee post-surrealist constructing his dark whimsies—the haunted houses and shark-besieged boats in glass cases—at a distance from the "mainstream." But now that irony, memory, autobiography, humor and outright obsession have asserted their claims in art once more, Westermann's importance cannot be shrugged off.

His work is partly made of old-style popular allusions to folk and fairground art. Its imagery is redolent of the fun house, the ghost train, the penny arcade—these small environments of illusion whose hold on the imagination, over the past 25 years, has been so drastically loosened by the encompassing phantoms of TV and movies. Westermann can imbue a model of a building, a little ship's hull or a box with extreme suspense: one peers through the glass at a scene that resembles the inverted world of the fun fair, but concentrated (and made epigrammatic) by its littleness. The box serves him as it served Joseph Cornell: as a diminutive theater in which anything can happen, whose proscenium marks its contents off from the real world. But Westermann's imagination is quite unlike Cornell's nostalgic, refined mode of dreaming. It is colloquial, even brash, charged with sexual tension and loaded with implications of frustration and death.

Many of these implications rise from his service



Hutch—One Armed "Astro-turf" Man, 1976

PRIVATE COLLECTION, NEW YORK
PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL WATKINS, CLOTHES

with the Marines in the Pacific during World War II and later in Korea: in particular, the series of *Death Ships*, schematic models of the floating charnel houses that vessels (including his own) were reduced to by kamikaze attacks. Likewise, the oddly titled *Hutch—One Armed "Astro-turf" Man with a Defense, 1976*, is a grotesque and sardonic parody of the violent hero, a maimed golem with a boxing glove for a head. If much of Westermann's work is a continuous effort to exorcise the horrors of war, the materialistic defeats of peace get their share of attention too.

The basis of Westermann's art, which provides both the curt humor and the haunted pessimism with a formal matrix, is craftsmanship. After quitting the Marines in 1952, Westermann eked out his G.I. Bill income by working as a handyman and carpenter—precariously, since his standards of joinery and finish soon became too high for him to be employable in the quick-profit building trade. His sculptures have always been exquisitely made, the rare-wood inlays done with a skill almost vanished from modern American joinery, every miter and dovetail fitted to perfect tolerances. This pitch of care gives the work an indelible presence. It is quality as metaphor, proclaiming that art, before it says anything else, is a statement of the need to make something really well.

It also gives Westermann's pieces a typically hermetic and enclosed look: protected by their glass enclosures and crates, armed with hooks, hasps, locks and hinges, they take their stand as small fortresses of care and responsibility against an inimical world of non-art—ratty execution, sloppy thought. This point is neatly made by *A Close Call, 1965*. Inside the box, a wooden doll with an ermine's head rears backward to avoid a dagger that has penetrated the glass ceiling. The outside world is breaking in. It is a very funny and slightly poisonous image of paranoia. But it also has a lot to say about how frail privacy is (can the creature be, in fact, an artist? Westermann himself?) and how vulnerable are the fictions that art erects. The value of this retrospective is that it lets us see how the desire for an unimpealed wholeness in the face of a world perceived as menacing can supply an artist of Westermann's gifts with an apparently endless range of subjects and motifs. Inventiveness, we are reminded, is one of the strategies of survival itself.

—Robert Hughes

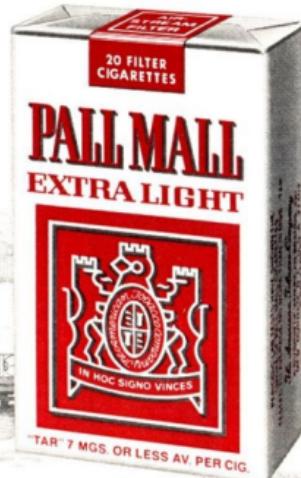
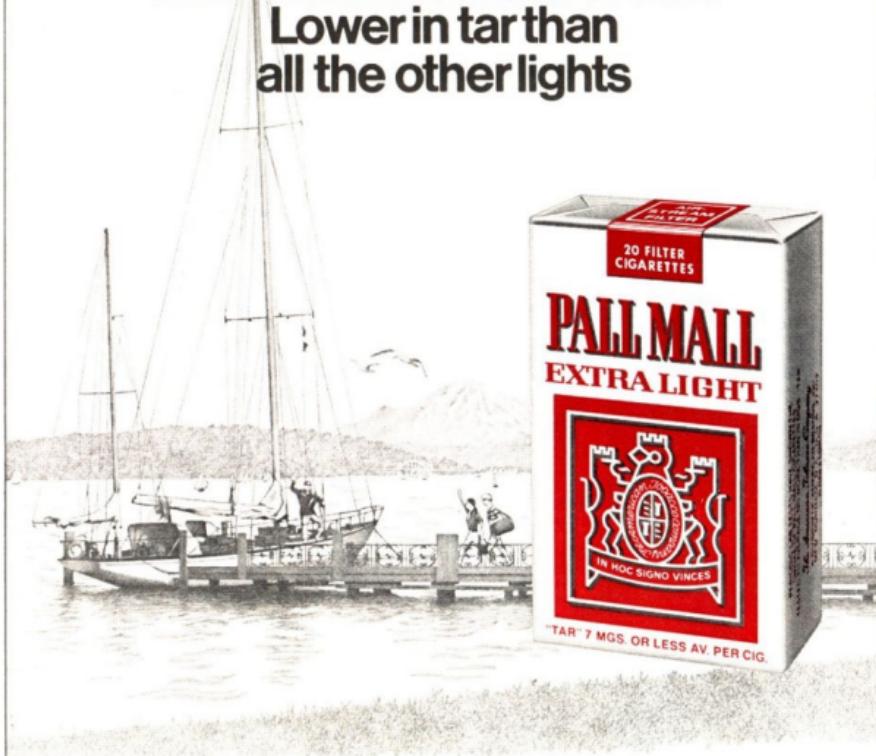


A Close Call, 1965: high craft, frail privacy and vulnerable fictions

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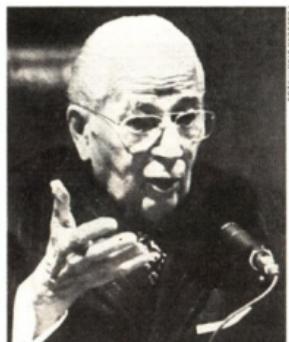
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Religion



Sidelined son: Garner Ted Armstrong



Autocratic father: Herbert W. Armstrong



Lawyerly convert: Stanley Rader

A fabulous take, but free-spending ways.

Strong-Arming Garner Ted

The ins and outs of the Worldwide Church

As a TV and radio preacher, Garner Ted Armstrong specializes in glib moralism and biblical analysis used to buttress his apocalyptic commentary on current events. On *The World Tomorrow* he claims to reach an audience of 30 million. Many of his listeners become contributors and converts to the show's never-mentioned sponsor, the Worldwide Church of God, which regards itself as the "True Church" re-established by the Deity in 1933 to prepare for the end of the world.

Despite his pulling power, the church is removing Garner Ted, 48, from TV. More important, he has also been ousted from the church's board and from his job as the operating head both of the church and of church-owned Ambassador College in Pasadena, Calif. Last week Garner Ted lost his radio show too. The door of these deeds? Garner Ted's father, Herbert W. Armstrong, the church's autocratic "Apostle," who has once more seized control and, at age 85, plans to go on TV himself in July.

Trouble between father and son is not new. Back in 1972 Herbert yanked Garner Ted off the tube and sent him into exile. Insiders later reported that the son was guilty of adultery. But by 1974 Herbert announced that the returned Garner Ted was his divinely chosen successor, a transfer of power that he likened to King David's handing the reins to Solomon (*1 Chronicles: 28*). Angry schism ensued. Dissidents charged that Garner Ted had not properly repented his adulteries, adding that other church sinners had not been treated so forgivingly.

Times have changed. Now Herbert's closest aide and spokesman is Lawyer Stanley Rader, himself recently sidelined and now back in power. Rader denies that Herbert ever designated Garner Ted as his successor. In a florid churchwide encyclical, the father explains the sudden ouster by accusing his son of perfidy: "I derived my authority from the living CHRIST. You derived what you had from me, and then used it totally CONTRARY to THE WAY Christ had led me."

Many see in these goings-on a byzantine power struggle, in which Rader and his former secretary, who is now married to Herbert, have ganged up on Garner Ted. There is also another possible issue. Garner Ted has gradually played down some of Dad's more embarrassing dogmas. Among them: that heaven is racially segregated; that Britain and the U.S. have become the "real Israel," and that remarried converts must forsake their second spouses and, if possible, rejoin their first. He also opposed use of physicians.

Angry dropouts from the Worldwide Church publish a magazine, *Ambassador Report*, whose pages delight in Garner Ted's putative falls from grace. They treat Herbert just as harshly. The father's teachings, according to *Report*, "have caused suicides, bankruptcies and hundreds of premature deaths. They have broken up thousands of happy marriages." Chess Genius and sometime Disciple Bobby Fischer was quoted as saying that Herbert "is simply a madman who would love to rule the world. He continuously tries to frighten and panic you about the supposed imminent end of the world—so that you will empty your bank account before him."

Fischer, no spendthrift, sued the magazine over the article. He is known to have contributed at least \$94,000 to the Worldwide Church. A trifling sum, when compared with the generosity of a reported 75,000 church members, many of meager means, who each year give more than a tenth of their gross income to the cause. The fabulous take: \$75 million a year, including large donations from Garner Ted's radio-TV fans.

Even so there are reports of ballooning bank debts due to the church's free-spending ways. Dissidents complain of the cost of maintaining church leaders in many mansions, most of them lavishly furnished. A church-related foundation has poured nearly \$2 million into *Quest* magazine. The same foundation will launch a secular book-publishing company, Everest House, with 30 titles this fall.

The main drain is Ambassador College, which costs \$20 million a year to maintain. In April, Garner Ted decided to shut down the lavish Pasadena campus and move to Texas. Herbert figured the move was ill-advised, rescinded the plan and sacked his son. But Herbert has nearly destroyed the school in order to save it. First he decided to close it completely, but now it will shift from a four-year course to various shorter training programs. The full-time student body is being slashed from 1,120 to 250, the faculty from 177 to 25. Long-sought liberal arts accreditation now appears impossible. While the chips fall, Herbert is buzzing off for a July 8 appearance with British royalty.

Who will eventually succeed the aged and ailing Apostle Herbert? Recent Convert Rader appears all-powerful, but he is not a minister and has numerous enemies. "Many people fear Stan immensely," says a veteran headquarters official. An anonymous "Committee of Twelve" has sent a vicious anti-Rader letter to all

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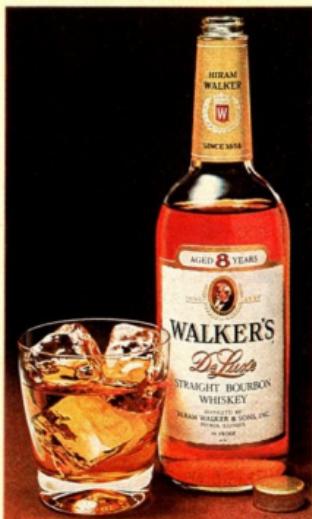
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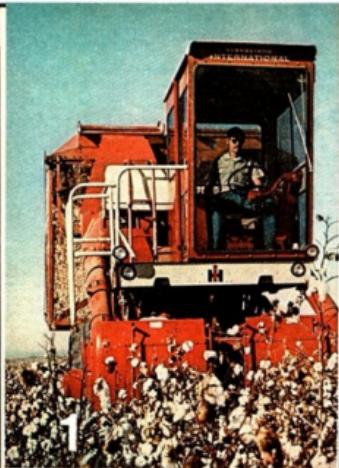
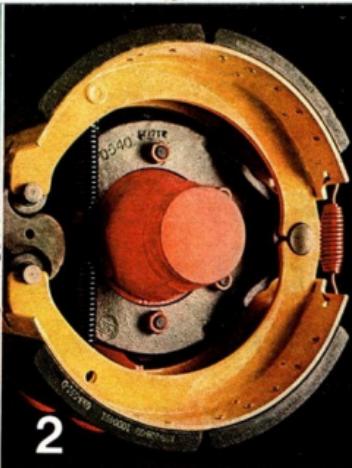
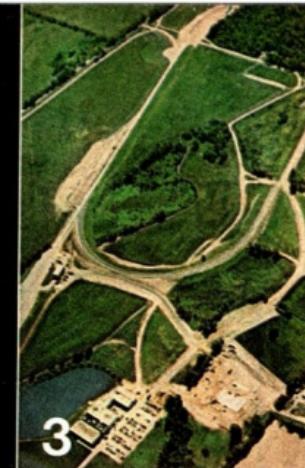
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EATON

Worldwide ministers. Rader's candidate to take over may be the newly installed director of the church's ministry, C. Wayne Cole. But Garner Ted should not be counted out. Says Professor Joseph Hopkins of Pennsylvania's Westminster College, author of a recent book called *The Armstrong Empire*: "There is nobody around who can take Garner Ted's place as radio-TV money raiser. The Worldwide Church of God has no future without him." ■

Revelation

Now blacks can become full-fledged Mormons

Mormonism is by far the largest of the made-in-America religions. But its drive for respectability has had a major impediment: Mormon insistence that blacks could not be priests. The policy was sweeping, because in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, "priesthood" is not a clergy rank but a status achieved by nearly all male members.

Last week, in a terse letter issued from Salt Lake City, the church's First Presidency (President Spencer Kimball, 83, and two counselors) declared that henceforth "all worthy male members of the church may be ordained to the priesthood without regard for race or color."

It was a historic moment for Mormons, who believe that the prohibition against blacks as priests goes back as far as the sons of Adam. It is taught in the *Book of Abraham*, one of three scriptures revealed to Prophet Joseph Smith and accepted as holy writ only by Mormons. According to the key verse, descendants of Cain (identified elsewhere in Mormon scripture as blacks) are "cursed as pertaining to the priesthood." Because of this the racial bar could only be lifted by a "revelation" direct from God. The church leaders said they had spent many hours in the Upper Room of the Salt Lake City Temple. Eventually God "confirmed that the long-promised day has come."

The letter did not alter the church's antipathy to interracial marriage or examine the theological implications of the new policy. For one thing, Mormons hold that all people possess an unremembered spirit existence before birth. Discussing black priesthood in 1951, the First Presidency stated that the church rejects original sin and believes that each individual is punished in earthly life for his own failings. This implies, the Presidency said then, that "the Negro is punished or allotted to a certain position on this earth . . . because of his failure to achieve other status in the spirit world."

There are fewer than 1,000 blacks among the world's 4 million Latter-day Saints. Among other privileges, these few black Mormons will now be able to hold church office and undergo such temple rites as "sealing" their marriages for eternity and vicariously baptizing their deceased relatives.



Tom Conti seduces Penelope Wilton in Alan Ayckbourn's *The Norman Conquests*

Television

Ménage à Six

THE NORMAN CONQUESTS
PBS, June 14, 21 and 28

Three years ago British Playwright Alan Ayckbourn's *The Norman Conquests* came to Broadway and failed to conquer. Though a huge critical and commercial hit in London, this comic trilogy barely limped through a six-month New York City run. It was not difficult to figure out what had gone wrong: unlike such other recent imports as Peter Shaffer's *Equus* and Simon Gray's *Otherwise Engaged*, *The Norman Conquests* had been given an indifferent production. Miscast American actors clobbered the wit out of Ayckbourn's words. Now, through PBS's *Great Performances* series, *The Norman Conquests* has a second chance to make good in the U.S.—and this time it surely will. In its TV incarnation (produced in England), *The Norman Conquests* is not only funny but impossibly wise about sex, marriage, love and loneliness.

In the characteristic Ayckbourn manner, the trilogy is built around an ingenious gimmick. Each of the plays tells of the same six characters in the same country house during the same long weekend; indeed, all three plays take place concurrently and tell the exact same story. What makes each one different is its vantage point. The first play, *Table Manners*, unfolds in the house's dining room; the second, *Living Together*, is set in the living room; the third takes the characters *Round and Round the Garden*. Though each play can stand on its own, the trilogy forms an enormous jigsaw puzzle: every time a character leaves the room to go somewhere else in the house, his exit becomes an entrance in one of the other plays. Through Ayckbourn's *Rashomon*-like device, the audience feels that it learns the whole truth about the people onstage.

Those people are a trio of British middle-class couples, all related, who are brought together by happenstance for 48 hours of squabbling, eating, drinking and fondling. The action is ignited by the only live wire in the group, an assistant librarian named Norman. Though in most ways ordinary, Norman believes it is his mission in life to make women happy by showering them with love. Employing his considerable resources of charm and empathy, he tries to seduce both his dreary sisters-in-law—even as he maintains his relationship with his wife.

Farcical misadventures follow, but what makes *The Norman Conquests* memorable is not Ayckbourn's cleverness so much as his compassion. As Norman's strategies start to fail, the consequences seem almost tragic. We realize that Ayckbourn's characters can never fulfill even their modest dreams of adventure and romance; they are doomed by circumstance and social convention to a defeated middle age. Perhaps the fate of the six is foreshadowed by Ayckbourn's seventh and unseen character: a family matriarch who never leaves her bedroom because she "just has no desire to get up."

Director Herbert Wise (*I, Claudius*) is keenly sensitive to the nuances of the writing; there isn't a broad moment in the entire 5½ hours. The cast could not be better. Richard Briers is particularly dexterous as a foolish, henpecked husband whose chunky manner does not entirely hide a disappointed heart. So is Penelope Wilton as the spinsterish sister who is most touchingly desperate for affection. The title role belongs to Tom Conti, last seen in the BBC's *Glittering Prizes*. An enthusiastic purveyor of false hopes, Conti manages to be valiant and cruel at the same time. His fanatically exasperating Norman is the perfect comic catalyst for Ayckbourn's searing portrait of frustrated lives.

—Frank Rich

Time Essay

The Perils of Celebrity



In his novel *Humboldt's Gift*, Saul Bellow described the onset of fame: "I experienced the high voltage of publicity. It was like picking up a dangerous wire fatal to ordinary folk. It was like the rattlesnakes handled by hillbillies in a state of religious exaltation." Some who grasp those charged serpents will themselves incandesce in celebrity for a little while and then wink out (goodbye, Clifford Irving; goodbye, Nina van Pallandt): defunct flashlights, dead fireflies. Thus they will have obeyed Warhol's Law, first propounded by Andy Warhol, the monsignor of transience and junk culture: "In the future, everybody will be famous for at least 15 minutes." But many survive long after the deadline. Their 15 minutes stretch into years and years, until the public, whose adulation sometimes conceals a hard little rock of vindictiveness, wishes that, after all, the 15-minute rule had been observed.

Contrary to Warhol's essentially democratic premise—everybody, but briefly—fame elevates some mortals into realms where their celebrity achieves a life of its own. While a Tiny Tim or a Judith Exner may flare and fade, others acquire a strange permanence—or its illusion, which is of course just as good. They have been transported into another medium where information and images are permanently (or for years, anyway) stored. In the formula of Historian Daniel Boorstin, they have "become well known for being well known." A classic of the category is, say, Elizabeth Taylor. Who, outside of her family and friends, would have the slightest interest in her were she not phosphorescent in her sheer famousness?

As Bellow knew, fame can be a state as complicated as serious religion; at any rate, the vocabularies are sometimes interchanged. Terms like "immortal" get thrown around. The Beatles' boast in 1966 that "we're more popular than Jesus now"

was a cheeky little blasphemy that accurately located an intersection between Liverpool and Nazareth. In her book *Fame*, Susan Margolis noticed that "today the gifted as well as the deranged among us are struggling to be famous the way earlier Americans struggled to be saved."

In the beatitude of fame, certain privileges and immunities exist. The higher orders may, for example, appear through a curtain, unannounced, in the middle of a Johnny Carson show, exciting little whoops of recognition and incredulity in the audience. (Bob Hope may always do that; Don Rickles can get away with it.) The middle orders make the Dean Martin roast, regularly inhabit the "People" pages of magazines and newspapers. All enjoy, at least for a time, immunity from the agent's call proposing that they do an American Express commercial: "Remember me? I used to . . ."

Fame improves some people. Except for certain saints and others with inner resources, there is nothing ennobling about obscurity. Watergate transformed Carl Bernstein from a cigarette-scrounging city-room fixture and superannuated punk into a superb journalist who carries his fame with a self-assured but quizzical grace. Rosalynn Carter has flourished in the public gaze.

Some celebrities from time to time pronounce their lives a living hell. Raquel Welch not long ago complained that sex symbols are vulnerable and tragic figures "who have a corner on the misery market." Louise Lasser (of TV's late *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman*) declared,

"When you are a celebrity, you are totally a victim." There are plenty of cautionary examples to prove them right: Elvis Presley living like a rhinestone troglodyte, Janis Joplin careering around on quarts of Southern Comfort, Freddie Prinze putting a pistol to his head.

But the public is massively unpersuaded when the rich and famous feel sorry for themselves. Celebrity is by definition an exposed life—except for Howard Hughes, who made a public event of his obsessive absence. If Woody Allen is so shy, why is he always turning up where the photographers are? Celebrity involves a sort of hospitable narcissism: "Say, I'm absolutely wonderful, come have a look." Some of course think it peculiar, and even clinically neurotic, to wish to have millions of strangers monitoring one's life. A sometimes awful intimacy is one of the strangest aspects of fame: people turn their lives inside out for our inspection. Paula Prentiss once explained on a talk show that she had had her intra-uterine coil removed so that she could have a baby.

People arrive at celebrity by various roads. Some are famous because of accomplishment (Jonas Salk, Beverly Sills, Reggie Jackson) or because they possess power and position (the Shah, say, or the Pope). But there exist categories of celebrity quite outside the usual cause-and-effect logic of merit. W.B. Yeats noticed it bitterly in a couplet: "Some think it a matter of course that chance/ Should starve good men and bad advance."

It is those who achieve celebrity's bright orbits without much boost from talent or intelligence who fall victim to the public's readiness to be bored, to discard disposable personalities like empty bottles of Champale. When fame ceases to bear any relation to worth or accomplishment, then the whole currency of public

recognition is debased. The famous are merely random iridescent on the oil spot, depending less upon intrinsic value than upon the angle at which the light strikes them. After the 4 millionth exposure to Farrah Fawcett-Majors' teeth or to Billy Carter's wheezing bray, the celebrity consumer's brain begins to click like Mme. Defarge's knitting needles, compiling lists. He begins to think that the Warhol 15-minute rule might profitably be applied to everybody. Those who have grown tiresome must have their immortality repealed: Sorry pal, your 15 minutes are long since up. As Dr. Seuss wrote in one of his books for children, "Marvin K. Mooney, I don't care how/ Marvin K. Mooney, will you please GO NOW!"

The 15-minute rule of course works by a natural laissez-faire mechanism in many cases. This is the celebrity version of Adam Smith's Invisible Hand at work; it might be called the Invisible Hook. The Hook has thus ushered away in timely fashion the likes of Mark Spitz, Fanne Foxe, Elizabeth Ray, Evel Knievel, Werner Erhard, Roman Polanski, Margaret Trudeau, Sun Myung Moon, Cybill Shepherd, Chevy Chase and the Captain and Tennille—all the spiritual descendants of Pinky Lee.

Then there is a whole category of celebrities who seem in imminent danger of staying too long: people like Margaux Hemingway, Jimmie Walker, Geraldine Rivera, Princess Caroline, Brooke Shields, Ilie Nastase, Anita Bryant, Sylvester Stallone, Susan Ford. The clock has run even longer on Jann Wenner, Erich Segal, Erica Jong, Vanessa Redgrave, David Frost and Rex Reed.

But finally there ought to be some kind of 15-minutes Hall of Fame—a compilation of those who have egregiously overstayed their welcomes in that part of the national imagination that is always sitting under a hair dryer. Some nominees: Barbra Streisand, Sammy Davis Jr., Richard Burton, Jacqueline Onassis, Cher, Howard Cosell, Hugh Hefner, Muhammad Ali, Barbara Walters, Dean Martin, Norman Mailer, Bob Dylan, Gore Vidal, Truman Capote...

But this is Neronian proscription, a culling process that goes on constantly in the minds of talk-show "talent coordinators" and the audience itself, which always enjoys the reassuring drama of yesterday's famous being returned to oblivion. Celebrities are intellectual fast food. Perhaps we ought to be troubled by the combination of proliferating celebrities and diminishing public attention spans. If Emerson was correct that "every hero becomes a bore at last," then how much more quickly the famous mediocrity must become unendurable. Shelley thought of Ozymandias. Perhaps we ought to find a metaphor for the evanescence of glory in Monty Rock III's image imploding to a sad white dot on the TV screen as his last Johnny Carson show is switched off.

—Lance Morrow

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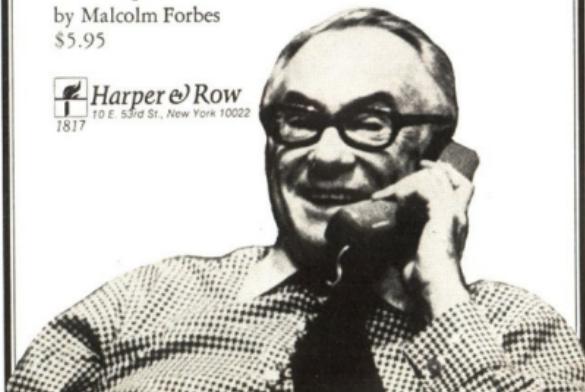
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Science

Saving Skylab

Can NASA keep the giant spacecraft in orbit?

It is the largest, most sophisticated spacecraft ever built. Launched in May 1973, it was occupied by three different teams of astronauts in succession, one of which remained aloft for 84-days, a space endurance record that was not broken until this March by two Soviet cosmonauts. Now the 85-ton Skylab, unused by astronauts since 1974 but still circling 389 km (242 miles) above the earth every 90 minutes, is in deep trouble. Gradually moving lower, it may enter the atmosphere and disintegrate by November 1979 or even earlier. Large chunks of Skylab might well survive the fiery plunge through the air and—though the chances are remote—hit populated areas.

NASA officials originally expected Skylab to remain in orbit for at least a decade. That would have allowed ample time for the space shuttle to rendezvous with the space station and help boost it to a higher

orbit, extending its lifetime indefinitely. But now the shuttle, plagued by engine problems, is at least four months behind schedule and there will be no manned flight before December 1979, which could be too late to save Skylab.

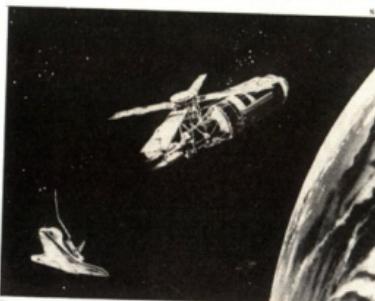
What NASA did not reckon with was the unexpected intensity of solar disturbances accompanying the current sunspot cycle. More sunspots have appeared than were anticipated, great magnetic storms

and solar flares are raging on the sun, and more charged atomic particles—which make up the solar wind—are being hurled into space. The stronger solar wind heats the thin gases in the outer fringes of the earth's atmosphere, which causes them to expand outward into the orbit of Skylab. That increases the drag on the craft.

To keep Skylab aloft long enough to be saved by the shuttle, space engineers have devised an elaborate rescue plan. In

March, they switched on Skylab's long-dormant solar-powered electrical system to charge batteries and heat frozen equipment. Last week they were preparing to turn on the ship's stabilizing gyroscopes and fire its small attitude control thrusters. They hoped to stop Skylab from wobbling through space and significantly reduce drag.

Yet the danger of losing Skylab remains real. Space agency contractors must get the bugs out of the shuttle in time and complete the supplemental rocket engine that it will carry to Skylab. Installed aboard the huge craft, the rocket could boost it to safety. Says one worried space engineer: "There just isn't any time to fool around if we're to save Skylab."



Drawing of shuttle (left) rendezvousing with Skylab
Failing to reckon with solar storms.

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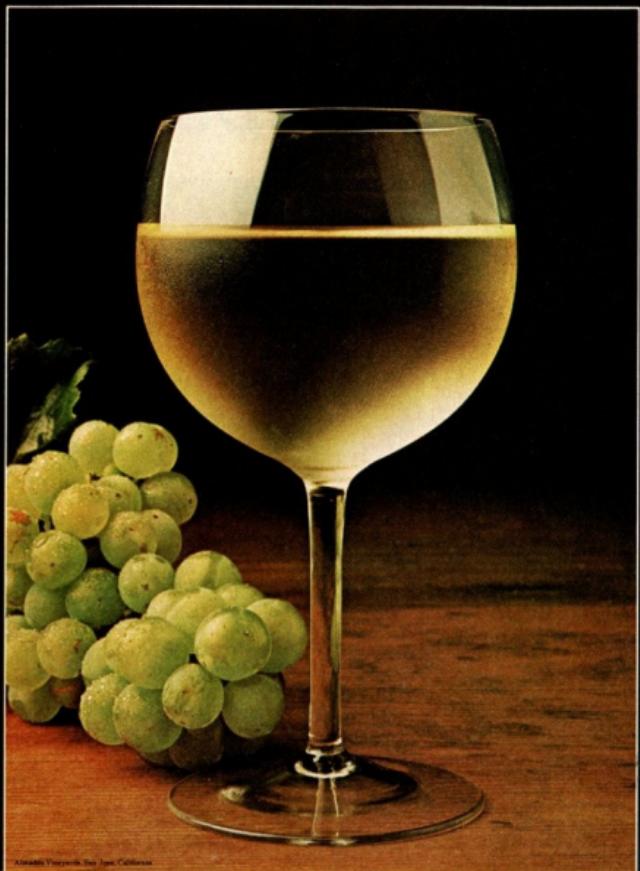
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PINOT CHARDONNAY



A Child's Second Birth

At 18 months, Baby knows Mother is separate

Some of life's greatest turmoil is over by the age of three. Though infancy may seem to be a time of games and gurgling, the baby is caught up in earnest and sometimes desperate attempts to make sense of the world, control aggression, and come to terms with the awesome power of parents. In a remarkable new book, *Oneness and Separateness*, Psychologist Louise Kaplan, 48, offers a baby's-eye view of the child's struggle to become an individual. Behind that struggle, says Kaplan, are opposing needs of the child—to cling to mother and to strike out on its own. The child's solution to the dilemma will powerfully affect its adult attitudes toward love, initiative and trust.

Kaplan is director of child clinical services at the City University of New York. In her book, she draws on both her own studies of children and the work of other researchers, chiefly Psychoanalyst Margaret Mahler, who describes the child's efforts to establish its own identity as "a second birth" or "psychological birth" that occurs around the age of 18 months. In the first four months of life, says Kaplan, the baby is merged with the mother in "the bliss of unconditional love" that later becomes the model for adult conceptions of ecstasy and perfect union.

Starting at five months, as the baby becomes alert and exploratory, the merger begins to break down. The baby's growing independence is tinged with uncertainty and loss. "Peekaboo" is a serious game; the baby toys with separateness without fearing that he or she will be abandoned. In "Catch Me," a separation game found in many cultures, the child creeps quickly away, looking back over

its shoulder to make sure the mother is in pursuit. The child both wants to be caught and wants to escape.

Until the age of ten months, the baby's world is in fragments. It is still not sure where its body begins and ends and does not fully realize that the mother is a separate individual. Outbursts of rage, sometimes violent ones centering on feeding, rise from this stress. Kaplan says, they result from "a vague wish to make life whole again." A parent who responds with rage just reinforces the fear of fragmentation. What the child needs, says Kaplan, is a "calming yes-saying voice," conveying assurance that its aggressive urges are not dangerous.

From ten to 15 months, the child is a high-spirited conquering hero, exploring and manipulating the physical world. It is also the period, Kaplan notes, when mothers damage daughters out of a mistaken notion that girls are more fragile than boys. If a girl is encouraged to cling, she says, "the being-done-to element in her personality isn't sufficiently balanced by the sense of mastery and active doing." When the mother goes out, the child is almost always depressed, but baby sitters should avoid trying to cheer the child up or distract it with a game. The reason: the child is learning how to manage loss. Advises Kaplan: "Accept the child's sadness. It's part of life."

The emergence of the child's thinking mind, at around 15 months, brings wrenching change. The static world of symbols, images and concepts replaces the world of simple motion and action—the child can no longer simply flow through life. Children will begin to play the role

of mother with their dolls, a sign of their dawning awareness that the mother is separate. The child's central idea is that it is not a conqueror after all, but a small and vulnerable self. Instead of wooing the mother, the child makes more and more coercive demands that she act as an extension of itself. As the child moves toward psychological birth, and the first use of the word "I," the mother's role becomes even more frustrating. If she gives in to the coercion, she undermines the child's independence. If she does not, she enforces its sense of aloneness. Kaplan's message: "The drama has no happy solutions. It is well nigh impossible for a mother to satisfy a toddler in the throes of the complex dilemmas of second birth."

The author recommends that parents react tolerantly to the child's willfulness and compulsive no-saying at this stage. Parents should resist some demands, give in to others. A child who wins too often emerges "with an overly extended, overly grand notion of its power." But a child who loses too many battles "emerges from its second birth with a pervasive sense of humiliation and self-doubt." If so, it will develop into a compliant child whose protest may emerge late as bed-wetting, foolish behavior or theft.

The child's resolution of the oneness-separateness conflict between the ages of 18 and 36 months, says Kaplan, will shape, but not determine, the adult it will become. "To the extent that a child is trapped in imperfect reconciliation at the age of three, it will be more difficult for it to take advantage of what life offers later on, but it won't be impossible."

The father's role in a toddler's life is important but subsidiary. He must make certain that the psychic separation of mother and child actually takes place. Mother and the baby "play dangerously on the brink of not being able to separate," and without an active father, the baby may grow up to be a dependent, adult-sized infant. But, says Kaplan, "mother is the one partner with whom the baby plays out the separation drama."

Does this mean that day care is damaging to a young child? "In an ideal world," she says, "the mother would stay at home until the child was 2½. But I don't want working mothers to be overcome with guilt." Her advice to mothers: stay home until the baby is six months old, then, if necessary, work only part time until the child is 2½.

Through the book, one message predominates: there is no one right way or wrong way to rear a baby. Much of the child's moodiness and aggression is the result of ordinary development, so parents should not feel guilty if things seem to go badly for a time. "The strivings to become an individual are built into the baby," says Kaplan. "Just become attuned to them—that's about all you need to do." ■

Music

What's in a Melody?

The structure's the thing, says Philip Glass

It could be called a space-age music of the spheres, or "the motor on a space machine," as its avant-garde composer, Philip Glass, 41, calls it. Mixed wind instruments and voices circle rapidly through repetitive musical patterns. An electronic organ throbs heavily in the air. In this stripped-down music, there are no melodies, no dynamic changes and no lyrics. What sounds at first like one continuous pulsing sound, however, gradually reveals all sorts of inner voices: treble runs

notation, pieces composed in recognizable keys—but borrows from rock its blasty amplification, electronic organ and its huge electronic sound mixer. Glass insists he is a serious musician: "Pop music can be very good, but it is packaged and recycled. I'm creating a new language."

Classical-music critics have been skeptical of Glass for not following the avant-garde academy into twelve-tone, atonal or dissonant music, or John Cage's music of random procedures. ("I didn't ac-



Philip Glass performs *Another Look at Harmony, Part 4*, with the Gregg Smith Singers
A lush, mesmeric blend of classical elements and electronic sound.

on the organ, colorful flutters of saxophone and flute, a lone soprano voice that floats on top. The music is mesmeric, lush and buoyant, and it was greeted with cheers at Glass's major appearance to date: his sold-out Carnegie Hall debut.

For years, Glass—an intense, slightly wild-eyed composer and performer—has been something of an underground secret in New York's SoHo, the center of the avant-garde art world. In 1976 *Einstein on the Beach*, a five-hour opera by Glass and Robert Wilson, was staged in several European cities and at New York's Metropolitan Opera House. Last year *North Star*, his most recent album, sold all 20,000 initial copies on Virgin, a British rock label.

Glass's music is not a likely candidate for record charts. It has been labeled everything from "minimalist" and "hypnotic" to "neoprimitive." It contains elements of classical music—conventional

except the Schoenberg-Boulez-Stockhausen tradition, and that's threatening to them," retorts Glass.) The rock side has shied away from Glass's harmonic complexities; he has no distributor for his *Einstein* records. To date, his support has come mostly from the far-out fringes of progressive music: such art-rock musicians as David Bowie and Brian Eno. Says Eno: "I'm attracted to the textural density of his music. Either you can hear it as slow music with rapid ornaments or as fast music with slow underpinnings."

The Carnegie Hall concert is an important step toward Glass's acceptance by a larger audience. Alternating between electronic organ and electric keyboard, Glass directed two sections of *Einstein* as well as the American premiere of his latest work, *Another Look at Harmony, Part 4*. Sung by the Gregg Smith Singers, a group that specializes in contemporary music, *Part 4* had an airy quality new to

Glass's work. The effect was spacious and oddly religious, like a new form of Gregorian chant. In its quiet way, it was as powerful as the dense, throbbing texture of the *Einstein* work, performed by the Philip Glass Ensemble (Winds Richard Landry, Jon Gibson and Richard Peck, Organist Michael Riesman, Soprano Iris Hiskey, and Kurt Munkacsy as sound engineer). Both works evoked frenzied ovations from the audience.

There is no Mick Jagger swagger to Glass, onstage or off. He evades questions about his private life. At Carnegie Hall, he appeared in blue jeans and seemed embarrassed by the applause. "I love it when people cheer, but I never know what to do," says Glass. His ensemble has no polish and even bumbles its bows, but Glass feels that the best act is no act. "I don't want to kowtow to popular culture—break my instruments onstage."

Glass's musical background is strictly classical. When he was eight, he began flute lessons at the Peabody Conservatory in Baltimore, his home town. At 14, he passed an early entrance exam for the University of Chicago and subsequently enrolled. After Chicago came five years at Juilliard as a composition student. Glass copied the cutting-edge modernists and won some prizes. But he wasn't satisfied. "To me, all of modern music sounded terrible," recalls Glass. "It was purely theoretical, and I saw music as more accessible, as a sense of community."

Looking for some "alternative avenue," he won a Fulbright scholarship to Paris to study with Nadia Boulanger, one of the most famous of modern composition teachers. On a vacation in North Africa, he first heard Eastern music. Says Glass: "I saw the repetitive element of non-Western music as another way of organizing music." He worked with Ravi Shankar on a film score, traveled through India and returned to New York in 1967, determined to create a new Western music built not upon melody but structure.

Glass is now at work on an opera, "a continuation of *Einstein's* dense harmonies." Titled *Satyagraha*, it is based on the life of Mahatma Gandhi and has been commissioned by the city of Rotterdam for Netherlands Opera performance in 1980. But Glass also wants to pursue the quiet vein of *Part 4*: "I don't have to break the sound barrier every time."

It is too soon to tell whether Glass's music is the sound of the future or merely a lush amalgam of classical and rock traditions. Still, he is undeniably one of the more innovative composers today. In a time of cold experimental music, his sound is both pleasing and powerful. "Something about my repetition and harmony seems to hit people right away," he says. Whatever that something is, it works.

—Annalyn Swan

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"MERIT truly has 'Enriched Flavor.' Thank you for making a product that I can be proud to advertise."

—Mr. Fred W. Gruman
Floral Park, New York



"Merit 100's have converted me from a high tar, high nicotine smoker to a low tar, low nicotine smoker."

—Mrs. Mary
New York, New York

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1978

"You've really got something here—and I'm switching to MERIT Menthols."

—Miss Nancy Narel
Gary, Illinois.

"I want to thank you, thank you, Thank You! Merit cigarettes taste stronger than other low tar ...they're great."

"MERIT is the most flavorful and satisfying them all."



"I have tried more kinds of cigarettes than you can think of, and MERIT is the first one which I can get enriched flavor with less tar."

—Miss Mary Benefiel
Tome Haute, Indiana

"I love them. Truly a fine cigarette."

—Mrs. Virginia B. Esberg
Menlo, Connecticut

"I have to admit I was skeptical because I had tried several low tar cigarettes. After smoking one pack, I was really amazed...they are as good as the cigarettes with higher tar."

—Mrs. Brenda Clark
Opelika, Alabama

"as 'Enriched' as a cigarette is."

—Mrs. E. Cristiano
Bronx, New York

you
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them."

Rose Palmieri
Bronx, New York

better
lower tar
cigarettes I used to

—Mrs. Nancy K. Harrison
Cambridge, Massachusetts

"I not only switched to Merit, I talked my brother and husband into switching also."

—Mrs. M. Thompson
Olympia, Washington

"I have tried a lot of different brands, but I find 'MERIT' the best brand that I have ever had."

—Mr. Thomas G. Monak
Lakeside, Ohio

"I have tried almost every brand, but none of them satisfied me as much as MERIT."

—Miss Jane Howard
Superior, Wisconsin

"For a low tar and nicotine brand it has the most marvelous taste of any brand."

—Miss Hazel Maisano
Detroit, Michigan

"I would just like to say that I think your Merit 100's are the greatest. Thanks for a great cigarette."

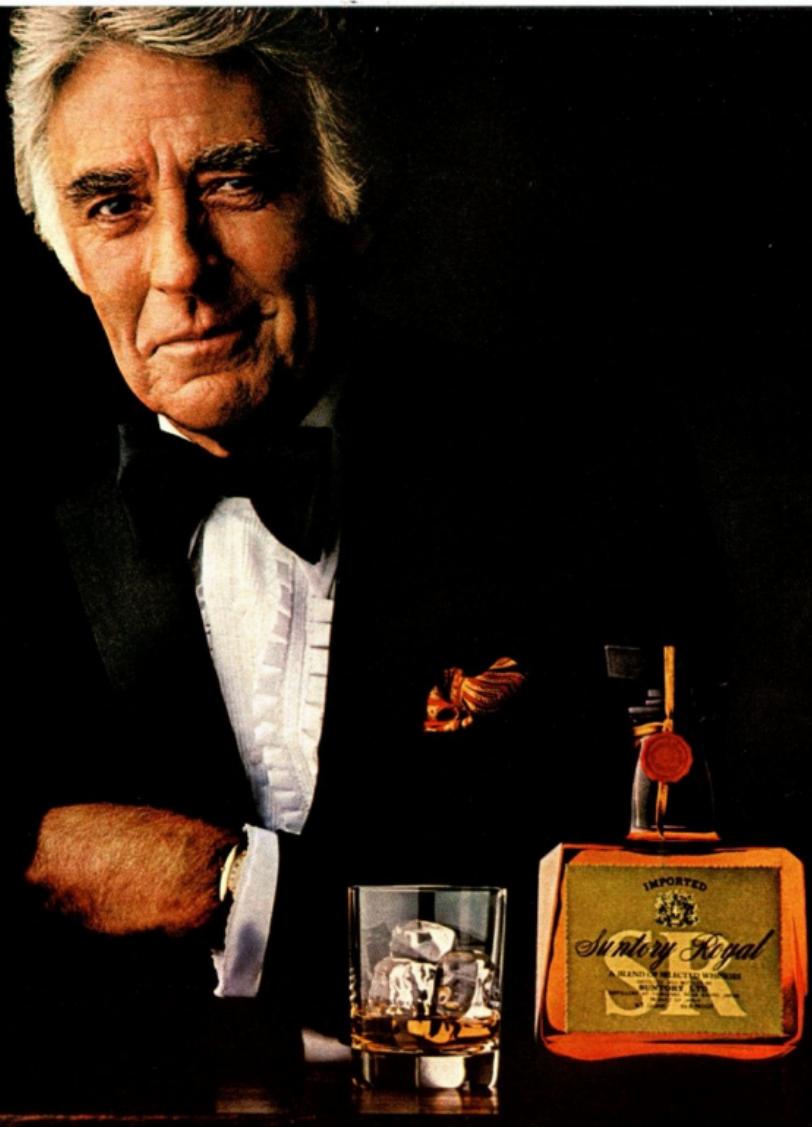
—Miss Karen Matthews
Columbus, Ohio

"If I wasn't so excited about your new cigarette, I would have never written this letter."

—Mr. Leon Granata
Fitchburg, Massachusetts

"I have tried other low tar and nicotine cigarettes but nothing compares to MERIT."

—Miss Beverly Dickmeyer
Winfield, Missouri



It's a lighter, mellower, better tasting whisky. And that's my professional opinion.

**Suntory Royal. The Professional's Choice.
Suntory Limited.**

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DOE aides unpack boxes in consolidated Forrestal Building offices

The Secretary at his work-filled desk in the new quarters

Energy

A Department in Disarray

Empty offices and lack of drive at Schlesinger's shop

Even if he were not constantly having to drop everything to plead with some legislator over the fate of the energy bill, James Schlesinger would have his big hands full. The job of shaping up his seven-month-old Department of Energy is turning out to be just about as tough as moving President Carter's energy bill through Congress. Though DOE was set up to bring order, drive and direction to the uncoordinated activities of the 50 federal agencies involved in energy matters, Secretary Schlesinger's superagency has been sinking into a bureaucratic stupor.

This has been caused largely by Schlesinger's unavoidable preoccupation with the energy bill. The more his attention has been diverted by it, the less time he has had to begin moving his department off-dead center. As Schlesinger told TIME Washington Correspondent Don Sider: "Sure, no question about it, the dual track we've been pressing ahead on has resulted in some distraction from our underlying objectives. Most of my time has had to be devoted to the legislative goals, and less of it to the internal management matters that I prefer. We have a great deal of room for improvement."

Not least of the problems is where to house the department. Its headquarters staff is scattered among 22 sites across Washington and in suburban Virginia and Maryland. A year ago, even before the department was officially set up by Congress, Carter gave Schlesinger permission to house it in the Forrestal Building, midway between the White House and Capitol Hill. The 5,000 Department of Defense employees who occupied the

building protested against being evicted, and not until late April could Schlesinger himself move in. So far he has been able to gather in 200 DOE officials—"We now have a bridgehead," cracks Schlesinger—but it will be at least another year before DOE's 5,000 headquarters staffers are under one roof.

A worse problem is finding qualified people to fill DOE posts at the high level of Assistant Secretary. Now three such positions remain vacant, and few people seem willing to undergo the months of congressional scrutiny and cross-examination that have become standard for anybody willing to take a job in a policymaking area as contentious as energy. Example: Lynn Coleman, once a partner in John Connally's Houston law firm, which has oil industry clients, waited eight months until the suspicious, super-cautious Senate finally approved his nomination as DOE general counsel. Schlesinger has not yet submitted the names of candidates for Assistant Secretaries for Defense Programs and for the Environment. His nominee for Assistant Secretary for Conservation and Solar Applications, Omi Walden, 32, director of the Georgia office of energy resources, has been waiting for Senate confirmation for nearly five months.

Schlesinger has temporarily filled the jobs with stand-ins dragooned from other DOE duties, but this has raised legal snarls. The General Accounting Office ruled that four acting chiefs (general counsel, inspector general and two Assistant Secretaries) had not been confirmed by the Senate and therefore had no legal

authority in their jobs. Though the Justice Department disputed the opinion, the issue is causing uncertainty about even the most routine regulatory action by DOE.

The department's aimlessness has undermined morale. Decision-making remains concentrated in the hands of Schlesinger and his small circle of principal aides, so lower-level staffers feel far less able to influence policy than when they belonged to smaller agencies. Some program specialists even phone up friends at the Office of Management and Budget to try to scuttle top officials' ideas for new research or funding projects that they consider wasteful or foolish.

The department is under increasing fire from the energy industry and consumer groups. California independent oil producers complain that DOE's bureaucrats have failed to find a means to ease the Alaskan oil glut that is damaging West Coast producers. At the same time, consumer groups contend, the department is far too receptive to industry pleas about regulations and pricing policies. In a particularly embarrassing disclosure several weeks ago, Congress Watch, a Ralph Nader group, produced a photostat of a memo by an oil industry lobbyist claiming that he had persuaded DOE to rewrite several proposed pricing regulations in a way that would be more acceptable to oil producers. That may have been an idle boast, but the leak—through a temporary stenographer—proved that DOE is extremely porous.

A daunting array of policy questions rest on Schlesinger's cluttered desk. What to do to help develop coal slurry pipelines? Coal gasification? Oil shale? None of these issues have really been thought out—nor will they be, until the fate of the energy bill is determined and the Secretary gets down to his longer-term work.

Economy & Business

Infuriating Insurance Claims

Policyholders protest that companies cancel and kick up rates

In one Monty Python TV skit, an insurance agent blandly informs a client that his premiums have been low only because his policy states, way down in the fine print: "No claim made by you will be paid."

To some American viewers, that no longer seems such a wild exaggeration. They have been filling the air with complaints that auto and property insurers, though they usually pay off if pressed, often turn around and penalize claimants by canceling policies, refusing to renew them, or raising premiums so high that the policyholder in effect winds up paying for an accident himself.

A sampling of policyholder protests:

- Lester Tobin, a physician in Lynn, Mass., paid premiums on a homeowners' policy and had a spotless record for 20 years. Three years ago he switched to Royal Globe Insurance Co., and since then he has collected \$2,275 on three claims—two for water damage caused by heavy rains, one for a robbery. This year Royal Globe refused to renew the policy. After Tobin's agent made a personal appeal, it renewed, but for only one year, and it raised his deductible from \$100 to \$250.

► A Chicagoan, who requests anonymity because he works for Allstate Insurance Co., reports: "After an 18-year accident-free driving record, I put in my first claim this winter, for \$350. I was not at fault; someone skidded into me on the ice. Now

my insurance company [not Allstate] is going to increase my premium by 50%."

- Glen Young, a farmer in Ravenna, Ohio, after a prolonged hassle, got Western Reserve Mutual to pay \$2,100 for his pickup truck, which ran into a ditch and was totally wrecked last October. A few days later, says Young, "I was told that my coverage would be terminated in 15 days, not only on the policies on my three vehicles, but also on the farm policy I have had for eleven years with Western Reserve's sister company, Lightning Rod Mutual." Young protested to his Senator, Democrat Howard Metzenbaum, and his coverage was extended after an aide to Metzenbaum phoned the insurance companies.

In hearings earlier this year, Metzenbaum, chairman of a Senate Judiciary Subcommittee, got an earful of such gripes. Widows and divorcees howled that their auto insurance premiums had been raised sharply because of their change in status. An Arizona college student and part-time waitress reported that a company had canceled her auto coverage because "waitresses are considered transients." Metzenbaum's conclusion: "A persuasive case has been made that, in order to maximize profits, property and casualty companies [a category that includes auto insurers] are rejecting 'clean' risks in an apparent attempt to eliminate all but the ideal policyholders—that is, ones with no losses."

In rebuttal, insurance companies as-

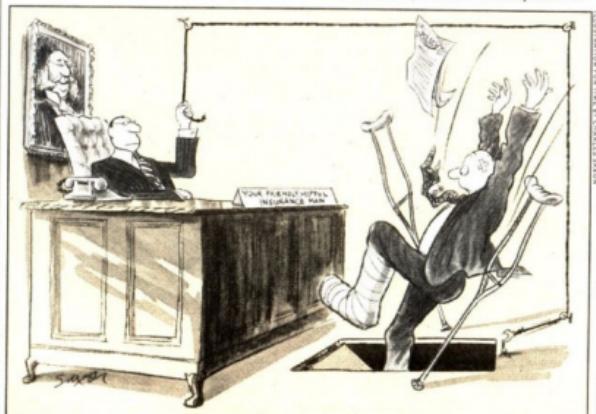
sert that the complainers are a small fraction of policyholders. That seems to be generally true, but the record varies from company to company. In 1976 the Illinois insurance department got 2.2 complaints per \$1 million of auto policy premiums for State Farm Mutual and 43.85 for Kenilworth, a much smaller firm.

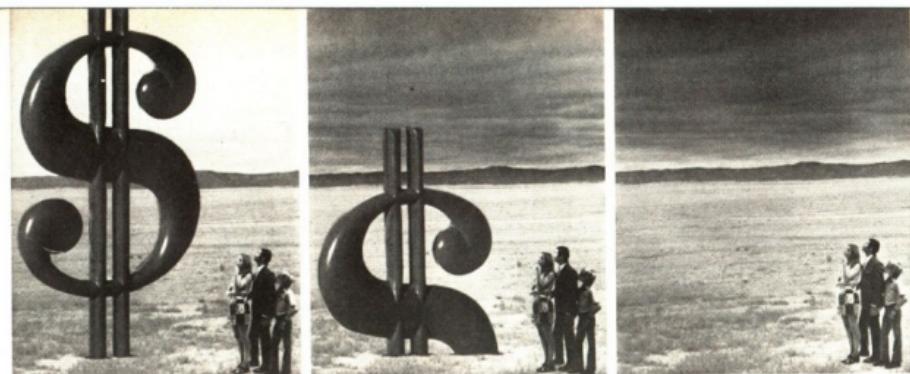
Auto insurers base premiums on actuarial tables showing the frequency of claims made by policyholders classified by such factors as age, sex, marital status, occupation and even neighborhood. People who get socked the hardest are those who are single, under 25 (particularly young men), residents of central cities and who work as laborers, waitresses or musicians or who serve in the armed forces. Since a small percentage of people account for an inordinate number of claims, actuaries figure that if a client makes a claim, the statistical chances rise that he will make another, and so his premiums rise to reflect that risk. Consequently, many agents echo the advice of fellow Broker George Peters in Newton, Mass.: "Buy insurance to cover you for that one catastrophe. Don't put in for small claims. It's the frequency that hurts."

These practices have helped the profits of property and casualty insurers, which have soared in the past few years. Aetna, a giant in the group, raised earnings per share from \$1.90 in 1975 to \$7.76 in 1977, and is likely to clear \$8 this year. President William O. Bailey readily admits that Aetna's rates will jump ever more sharply for people who suffer accidents or losses.

In setting rates, insurers must guess at their future costs of settling claims. They tend to estimate on the high side to make sure that they have enough in the kitty to pay off. State insurance commissioners struggle to decide just what rates are reasonable, but these bureaucrats are hampered by their lack of actuarial knowledge.

Some states have lately begun to forbid property and casualty insurance companies to drop a policyholder for three years after he suffers a loss or accident. Going further, Metzenbaum is considering federal legislation forbidding insurance companies to cancel or refuse to renew policies unless a person runs up a long record of claims for mishaps that are his own fault. That would help to still the protests and make claimants feel that, whatever their bad luck, they were at least getting a fair shake.





Inflation: How Folks Cope

More work, fewer luxuries and deeper debts

Linda Collins, wife of a Chicago steelworker and mother of two small children, has reluctantly gone to work as a night waitress on weekends to cover living expenses. Gladys Glazer, a retired secretary in Orlando, Fla., shops where second-quality vegetables and fruits are offered at reduced prices, and even there she shuns strawberries as an extravagance. Manhattan Lawyer Arthur Alexander delivers some letters in person to nearby business offices to save on postage.

These are several of the myriad ways in which Americans are struggling to adjust to accelerating inflation. Most people are winning the battle—for the moment. In April, the purchasing power of the average worker—wages minus inflation and taxes—advanced slightly, to 2.9% above what it was a year earlier. But such gains are too small and erratic to be trusted; over the past decade, rising prices and taxes have wiped out more than 97% of the pay increases of the average worker.

To some old folks with scant savings, inflation means hardship. Helen Ferrone, 68, a retired apartment-house manager, exhausted most of her savings during her late husband's long siege with cancer. Now, struggling to live on Social Security, she is trying to reduce the \$60 a month that she must spend on medicines for a variety of ailments. Says she: "When I'm having a good day I try to cut down on the painkillers for my arthritis, though the doctor says I shouldn't, because the medicine should stay in my bloodstream all the time to be effective."

Working people are moonlighting or putting in overtime, and many wives are seeking jobs. Unable to pay his \$220 rent out of the \$164 a week that he takes home working five days as a New York City doorman, Benny Lescher now puts in a sixth day as an elevator starter. Charles Ogasapain, owner of the Arlington Candy Co. in Woburn, Mass., cannot afford additional help, because rising costs of labor and materials are chewing up his

profits. So he works twelve hours a day, himself. Cynthia Bako could not earn enough as a waitress in Portland, Ore., to put herself through college, so she joined the Army to get free courses in electronics. Says she: "The Army is the young person's only hedge against being steamrollered by the cost of living."

People of all classes are practicing small and not so small economies. Many have been driven by the rocketing price of meat, especially beef, to buy cheap cuts. This trend will probably not be reversed by the Carter Administration's decision last week to let in 200 million more lbs.

of imported beef—15% above the present limit—mostly of the kind used in hamburgers and hot dogs. At best that move will keep the price of a pound of hamburger 5¢ below the level it would have hit at the end of the year.

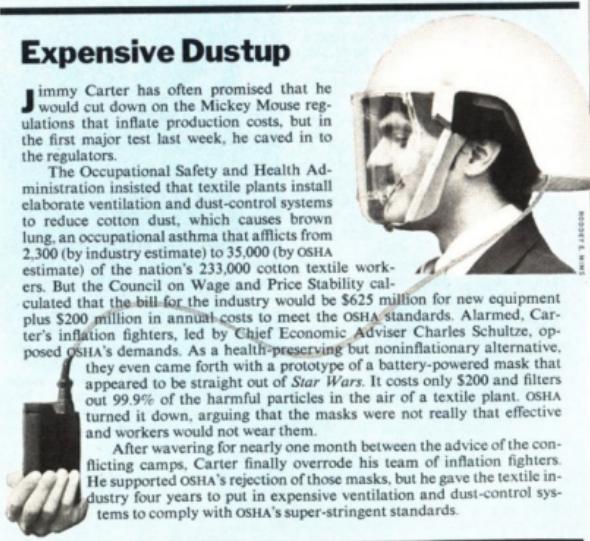
Gene Ferris, an office manager of the Massachusetts Lottery in Boston, reports: "This year our vacation on Cape Cod will be two weeks instead of three or four, and we're bringing in another couple to hold down the rental." Marlene Levin, a suburban Chicago housewife, has taken classes in home plumbing and wiring, and has started to do her own auto repairs. Mary Sinclair, wife of a Detroit auto worker, has taken a part-time job as a housekeeper; her mother makes most of the clothes for the couple's two children, and Mary takes the kids to Sunday movie matinees.

Expensive Dustup

Jimmy Carter has often promised that he would cut down on the Mickey Mouse regulations that inflate production costs, but in the first major test last week, he caved in to the regulators.

The Occupational Safety and Health Administration insisted that textile plants install elaborate ventilation and dust-control systems to reduce cotton dust, which causes brown lung, an occupational asthma that afflicts from 2,300 (by industry estimate) to 35,000 (by OSHA estimate) of the nation's 233,000 cotton textile workers. But the Council on Wage and Price Stability calculated that the bill for the industry would be \$625 million for new equipment plus \$200 million in annual costs to meet the OSHA standards. Alarmed, Carter's inflation fighters, led by Chief Economic Adviser Charles Schultze, opposed OSHA's demands. As a health-preserving but noninflationary alternative, they even came forth with a prototype of a battery-powered mask that appeared to be straight out of *Star Wars*. It costs only \$200 and filters out 99.9% of the harmful particles in the air of a textile plant. OSHA turned it down, arguing that the masks were not really that effective and workers would not wear them.

After wavering for nearly one month between the advice of the conflicting camps, Carter finally overrode his team of inflation fighters. He supported OSHA's rejection of those masks, but he gave the textile industry four years to put in superior ventilation and dust-control systems to comply with OSHA's super-stringent standards.



Economy & Business

(tickets: \$1 each) to make up for the vacations the family can no longer afford.

A few Americans are exempt from the ravages of inflation. In some cities, a nouveau riche class is rising: childless young couples entering professions in which salaries are shooting up. Says Mary Rothschild, 26, a Seattle editor: "A few years back when I was in school, I owned two pairs of jeans and three shirts." Now she and her lawyer-husband Peter, 30, earn \$40,000 a year; they own two cars and a half-interest in a sailboat, and they eat at good restaurants frequently.

These people, however, are in the minority; for most, inflation means a cramped life-style in the present, and fear about the future. It is raising a threat to the economy too. At the moment, consumers are maintaining a fast buying pace, largely by plunging into debt: installment debt rose a record \$4 billion in March, \$3.7 billion in April. But consumer-confidence surveys released last week by the Conference Board, a nonprofit business research group in New York City, and the University of Michigan showed a sharp drop in plans for major purchases, mostly because many consumers think they will need every penny to cover basic living costs. ■

Auto Surge

Surprising sales in May

Not so many weeks ago, when car sales were running like a dry creek, General Motors Chairman Thomas Aquinas Murphy told shareholders that he was sticking to his earlier forecast of a record year. In 1978, he confidently predicted, 15.5 million cars and trucks would be delivered, topping the 1973 record of 14.45 million.

Most other automakers scoffed, but Murphy's optimism is being borne out. Sales of U.S. and foreign cars jumped 6% in May, to a 12.2 million annual rate, and trucks advanced 19%, to 4.3 million. That hot pace will not continue when the industry shuts down for model changeovers this summer, but total sales of more than 15 million now seem probable.

Customers have been motivated largely by fears of inflation: for the moment, at least, their attitude is buy now—before the price goes up. That could change, but in May, Ford Motor Co.'s sales were a bulging 19% higher than a year ago, and Chrysler and American Motors showed moderate but handsome advances. GM sold 716,000 cars during May, a record for any month.

Detroit's subcompacts did well against the imports, whose prices rose as the dollar sank relative to other currencies. Models such as Chrysler's Omni, Chevy's Chevette and Ford's Mustang II cut into foreign makers' share of the U.S. market and drove it down from 21% in January to 16.9% in May. ■

France Bids Adieu to Controls

Taking some price rises today to temper inflation tomorrow

In the 21 months since he became France's Premier, former Economics Professor Raymond Barre has earned a reputation as a formidable inflation fighter. His success in keeping prices down was crucial in helping President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing's center-right coalition win last March's bitter elections. Yet the professor's record is beginning to tarnish. Since December, when

over, is hitting as the economy is still absorbing the impact of another recent Barre move: increases of up to 20% in the prices of natural gas, electricity, rail tickets and other government-supplied services. The cost of mailing a letter inside France went up from 22¢ to 26¢, and this week premium gasoline will rise 10.7%, to \$2.20 per gal. By charging more for services, Barre hopes to shrink the government's inflationary \$4.3 billion budget deficit.

With all the increases, French price rises this year will almost certainly return to double digits, up from 9% in 1977. But Barre, a devout believer in the free market in a country sadly short of such sentiment, is convinced that within a year or two his latest moves will reduce France's inflation to that of its more successful neighbors. He notes that countries without controls generally have more stable prices—for example, Germany with a rate of 2.7% and Switzerland with 1.7%. Austria, the Benelux countries and even Britain have also done better than France lately. Although designed to keep prices down, controls actually lift them by eliminating competition, in effect turning all industries into cartels. Discount stores are far scarcer in France than in West Germany or the U.S. Since businessmen know that the government will usually give in to demands for price rises, companies have little incentive to gain an edge by keeping costs, especially wages, under control.

Barre is moving now because the political and economic climate is more propitious than at any other time during President Giscard's four-year tenure. The Socialist-Communist opposition is still deeply split. With the threat of a leftist victory out of the way, prospects for the French economy have improved. The franc is steady, trade is in surplus, consumers are spending and corporate investment—which had been stagnant in anticipation of wholesale nationalizations by a leftist government—is picking up.

The success of Barre's strategy will depend largely on France's managers. To make sure they do not take undue advantage of their new freedom, Barre is adopting a tough antitrust policy that will encourage more competition, especially from abroad. At the same time, to avoid political problems as inflation temporarily accelerates, he has promised that workers' wages this year will rise at least as quickly as prices. That commitment carries a risk: the resurgence of a wage-price spiral that would be hard to break. As Barre's former students know, inflation is always easier to trigger than to control. ■



Premier Raymond Barre in his Paris office
Down with decrees, up with risk.

consumer prices rose at an annual rate of only 3.7%, inflation has worsened every month, to an alarming rate of 14% during April.

Barre is taking the news in stride. "A high index is not necessarily a bad index," he explains nonchalantly, adding that he sees no improvement in the months ahead. As if to ensure that prophecy, he has instructed officials to dismantle one of France's most entrenched institutions: the system of 30,000 decrees that since 1945 has controlled the price of almost all manufactured goods, from trucks to biscuits. This bombshell, more-

The spirit of the Czar lives on.



It was the Golden Age of Russia. Yet in this time when legends lived, the Czar stood like a giant among men.

He could bend an iron bar on his bare knee. Crush a silver ruble with his fist. And had a thirst for life like no other man alive.

And his drink was Genuine Vodka. Wolfschmidt Vodka. Made by special appointment to his Majesty the Czar. And the Royal Romanov Court.

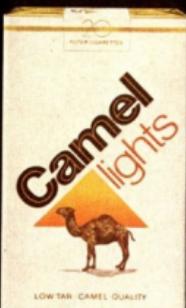
It's been 120 years since then. And while life has changed since the days of the Czar, his Vodka remains the same.

Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka.
The spirit of the Czar lives on.



**Wolfschmidt
Genuine Vodka**

Introducing the solution.



New Camel Lights

Everybody knows the problem. Ordinary low tar cigarettes can't deliver the full measure of satisfaction that's the very reason you smoke.

Now Camel Lights has the solution. With a richer-tasting Camel blend. Specially formulated for low tar filter smoking. Just 9 mg. tar. The result: a rich, rewarding, truly satisfying taste.

What's in a name? Satisfaction, if the name is Camel. All the flavor and satisfaction that's been missing in your low tar cigarette. With a name like Camel Lights, you know exactly what to expect.

Try one pack. The solution could be in your hands.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Economy & Business

Come Back, Yankee Traders

The White House ponders some stimulants for sluggish exports

Not long ago a Belgian businessman wanted the European marketing rights for a new U.S. machine tool. After several of his letters went unanswered, he flew out to see the manufacturer, who told him: "We don't export—it's too much trouble." Unlike the aggressive, go-anywhere Yankee traders of old, modern American businessmen have long had at their doorstep the richest market on earth and felt far less pressure than their foreign counterparts to seek exports. But that could be changing.

The Carter Administration has appointed an interagency task force headed by Commerce Secretary Juanita Kreps to put together a package of export promotion measures that should be on the President's desk next week. It's about time. Last year the U.S. had a \$27 billion trade deficit, swelled by a bill of almost \$45 billion for oil imports. In this year's first four months the gap was \$12.5 billion, vs. \$7.6 billion for the same period last year. These imbalances have shrunk the value of the dollar overseas, fed inflation at home, cost jobs and raised demands for self-defeating protectionist legislation.

The U.S. has long been the world's leading exporter, but its \$121 billion in exports last year was only 6.3% of the gross national product. Exports from the much smaller economy of West Germany totaled \$118 billion, or more than 27% of its G.N.P. Japan shipped out \$81 billion worth of goods, or 14% of its G.N.P.

The task force is considering a number of stimulants:

► Liberalizing Export-Import Bank loans to finance not only foreign buyers of American goods but export-related plant



and equipment spending in the U.S.

► Providing new tax incentives for exporters, including credits for firms that set up overseas sales offices, and faster write-offs on export-oriented investments.

► Intensifying Government support for business research and development of new products for export, in such areas as telecommunications, computers and electronics.

► Creating through domestic and overseas Government offices a worldwide computerized information network to put American producers in touch with prospective foreign buyers and vice versa.

At the same time, Eximbank has been showing new signs of life under President John L. Moore Jr., 48, an Atlanta lawyer who was appointed in 1977. So far this fiscal year, the bank approved direct loans to foreign buyers for \$2.1 billion in exports, up from \$423 million in the equivalent period a year ago. Last week the bank announced its biggest deal yet: a \$732 million credit for the Korea Electric Co. to buy two U.S. nuclear power stations. The project, which will ultimately cost \$2.2 billion, will support 56,600 jobs at Westinghouse, Bechtel and more than 1,000 subcontractors and suppliers. The Administration has asked for—and Congress is expected to approve—an increase in Eximbank's lending authority from \$25 billion to \$40 billion over the next five years.

Businessmen have been pushing for the Government to re-examine its proposal for ending a major incentive to exporters: the domestic international sales corporations, or DISCs, which enable companies to defer taxes on part of their profits from exports. The White House has contended that DISCs provide an unnecessary and unfair benefit for multinational giants, but there is little chance that Congress will eliminate DISCs. Corporations would also like the Government to rule that U.S. firms, without fear of antitrust actions, can compete jointly against foreign consortiums for major projects like hydroelectric plants.

Despite the obstacles, resourceful firms—many small and medium sized—continue to test export markets with some success. Just one example: BRK Electronics of Aurora, Ill., has won a substantial share of world sales of smoke detectors by sensibly marketing a competitive product. First, President Fred Conforti went to the Commerce Department to find out whom he should see in Europe. Then he and his sales manager, Gerry Miller, traveled to Italy, France, England and other countries, lining up local distributors. BRK also exhibited its goods at trade shows in Paris and Stockholm. It now sells to 46 countries, and its exports have climbed from \$124,000 in 1973 to more than \$1 million in this year's first three months.

There could be many more companies like BRK, and the Government can help. Its challenge is convincing business people that it really intends to support a vigorous export program. Many have heard it all before. This time, Administration officials insist, the stakes are too high to allow a continuing lag in U.S. sales to the world.

Happy on High

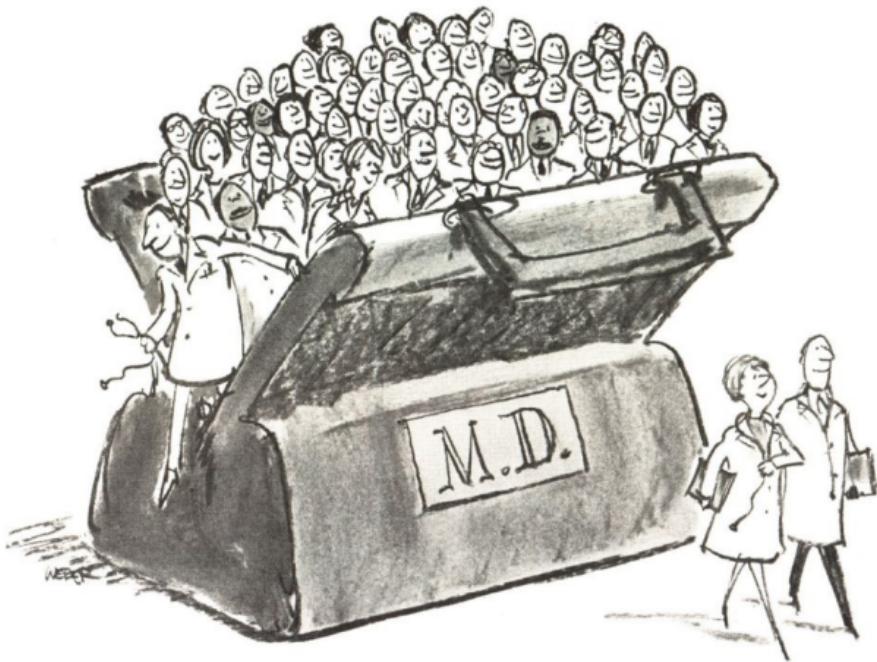
Few divorces for chiefs

With one divorce for every two marriages in the U.S. these days, it might be expected that the breakup rate among top executives, who suffer special strains of heavy travel, unremitting tension and inescapable responsibility, would be extraordinarily high. Not so. *Town & Country* magazine surveyed the chairmen and presidents of the nation's 100 largest manufacturing companies—179 men in all—and found that 95% of them are still married to their first wives. The wives of a few of the others died, so the divorce rate at the top is even lower than 5%. The plump paychecks and fringes smooth out some of the rough spots in married life, and social pressures to stick together also help marital stability. But there seems to be much to the theory that love of job and love of spouse go hand in hand.



BRK's Conforti with hot-selling detector

Even small firms can make it big abroad.



IS THERE A DOCTOR SHORTAGE?

For awhile there certainly was. In the 1960's, all of a sudden, doctors' offices were literally swamped. Our medical care system became overloaded almost overnight.

Many factors contributed to this tremendous demand on our doctors and hospitals. The rise in population. The passage of Medicaid and Medicare. The increase in our over-65 population whose medical needs are greatest, and the rise in people with health care insurance (from 123,000,000 in 1960 to 170,000,000 in 1974).

But today we have succeeded in doubling the output of our medical schools. This has produced a 34% increase in the total number of physicians practicing in this country. A recent University of Chicago study reveals that whereas in 1963 only 49% of black Americans saw a physician, by 1976 74% saw a phy-

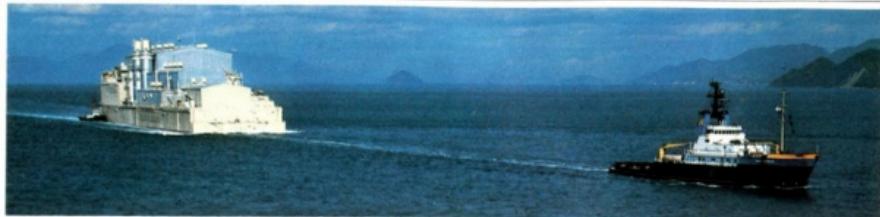
sician, only two percentage points below the 76% for whites. Eighty-eight percent of Americans, according to this study, are generally satisfied with the health care they receive.

Of continuing concern to your doctor is maintaining the quality of care he provides. Your doctor, through his American Medical Association, is active in insuring our high standards of medical training through a major role in the accreditation of medical schools and graduate facilities. To help him renew his capabilities and knowledge, the A.M.A. keeps him up-to-date with a dozen publications and sponsors over 35 major national and regional conferences yearly. When it comes to your health, your doctor has a partner, too.

American Medical Association, 535 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois 60610.

Your Doctor's Your Partner
Help your doctor help you

Economy & Business



Journey's beginning: aboard a barge and pulled by tug, the pulp plant leaves Japan on the first leg of its 15,000-mile trip to Brazil

Daniel Ludwig's Floating Factory

A giant pulp mill for the Amazon wilderness

Longer than two football fields, taller than a 16-story building, the off-white structure floating up the Amazon looked like a jungle apparition. In fact, it was a huge paper factory that Daniel K. Ludwig, the secretive shipping, mining and real estate industrialist whose net worth is estimated to be as high as \$3 billion, intends to use in exploiting 500,000 acres of timberland that he owns in the Brazilian wilderness.

The barge-borne plant was towed by tugboat through the Indian and Atlantic oceans on a 15,000-mile, 93-day voyage from Kure, Japan, where it had been built by Ishikawajima-Harima Heavy Industries (I.H.I.). In Brazil, it was taken to a docking area that had been constructed by 2,500 workers on the Jari River, an Amazon tributary 250 miles inland. The factory and its separate 55,000-kw power plant was floated into position over 4,000 submerged pilings last month. Then water under the pilings was drained, and Brazil's Munguba district, which before Ludwig was little more than a swatch of forest, got

a new industrial enterprise. Why was the plant towed halfway round the globe instead of being built on the site? Says an I.H.I. spokesman: "It would have taken far more time to build so sophisticated a project there, with inadequate roads and cargo-handling facilities."

The \$250 million plant will go into operation next year and by 1981 will turn out 750 metric tons of bleached kraft pulp a day, enough to make a single strand of toilet paper stretching more than 6½ times around the world. (The pulp will be used for other products as well.)

Brazilian environmentalists worry over the long-range impact of Ludwig's deforestation. To feed the mill's appetite, Ludwig's crews have cleared nearly 250,000 acres of jungle so far and planted 81 million fast-growing trees; the raw wood will be hauled to the plant on 150 miles of Ludwig-built railroad.

Ludwig is a restless recluse at 80 and, some employees suggest, is seeking to build a pyramid to himself, a monument to his ten-year quest to tame a stretch of



Billionaire Jungle Tamer Ludwig

At 80, building a pyramid to himself.

jungle almost the size of Connecticut and make it productive. Says an associate, Luis Antonio Oliveira: "Mr. Ludwig is nearing the end of his life, and he is more interested in undertaking something of great socioeconomic significance than in earning quick profits." Still, Ludwig is betting that a worldwide paper shortage is coming by 1985 and will make his gamble pay off. ■

Journey's climax: having gone round the Cape of Good Hope, the factory nears its final berth on the Jari River, an Amazon tributary





MGM Grand Hotel—Reno built a stage big enough for a plane, then landed its jet



With aid of computerized lights and

Show Business

Well Hello, Reno, Hello

America's grandest, gaudiest floor show hits the Sierra Nevada

Once MGM churned out fantasies on film, but now the studios are mostly sold off or grinding out TV fluff. MGM is best known today for its hotels and casinos, lavish Disneylands for grownups with high-roller dreams. The MGM Grand Hotels make dollar-and-cents sense; in the past 4½ years the Las Vegas MGM hotel's floor show has earned nearly \$60 million. Some of old Hollywood remains in the new play-grounds. The MGM Grand Hotel and casino newly opened in Reno is colossal: it cost more than \$138 million and has the world's largest casino (100,000 sq. ft. of gaming tables plus a fai alai fronton for parimutuel fanatics).

To match the surroundings, Producer Donn Arden has outfitted the world's largest stage with a two-hour floor show to rival the biggest movies in MGM history. He has created similar shows on four continents during his 30-year career as king of showgirl spectacles. Says Arden: "I find the prettiest girls, put them in the finest feathers and then sink them on the Titanic or burn them up in the Hindenburg. Nobody can do girls and gimmicks like me." The Reno production, his most lavish ever, cost \$5 million, but the result is a show that would have made MGM's former titans jubilant. Here's a fanciful account of how an old mogul might have reviewed proceedings with one of his great showmen from a perch in Shangri-La:

Louis B. Mayer: Another casino! One more shot at bringing back High Hollywood Provincial. What have people got against chandeliers anyhow? Chandeliers are magic, and ever since these multinational-communications and service-industry boys—that is what they want to be called now, isn't it—sold off Judy's ruby shoes from *Oz*, MGM has been a little short on magic.

Busby Berkeley: You forgot they also sold Astaire's walking stick, Louie. I bet they'll put in red wallpaper and mirrors, and the show will be fabulous. It always worked for us, didn't it? Oh, boy, would I like to do this one. Chorus girls, feathers...

L.B.M.: Sure, but first we gotta get a gimp-

mick, something to let them know the old lion is roaring again, something bigger than anybody ever did before. Like we put a huge stage in the world's biggest casino, and we lay out, say, a couple of football fields' worth of crap tables and slot machines. A few high rollers will pay for a lot of feathers.

B.B.: All right, let the new boys figure that out. They're already talking about building a bus terminal for little old gamblers from Sacramento and San Jose. I didn't know there were 1,500 old ladies a day in the whole country. And what's an RV?

L.B.M.: Recreational vehicle. Trailer to you, and 292 hookups mean places to plug in the lights. But let's get back to the show. We want a real blockbuster, lots of chests and feathers and special effects. I'll get them to build a stage just like the old days—biggest damn thing anybody ever saw, big enough to land an airplane on.

J.W. McDermott: B.B. That's it! We'll start the show with a jet. Turn up the sound real loud, like a real landing—we should be careful, though, this new Sensurround business has actually made the dice jump off the table—and drag the plane onstage with beautiful stewardesses in gold bikinis on the wings.

L.B.M.: Now you're talking. But then what? I don't think I can stand two hours on a plane, in or out of Airport.

B.B.: Who can? Arden will haul the thing off after a couple of minutes. "Start the show with an exclamation point, get it over with and get it off" is what he always says, and I agree.

L.B.M.: O.K., so what about the girls?



King of the Casino Scene Donn Arden with spectacular showgirls

"You sink them on the Titanic or burn them in the Hindenburg."



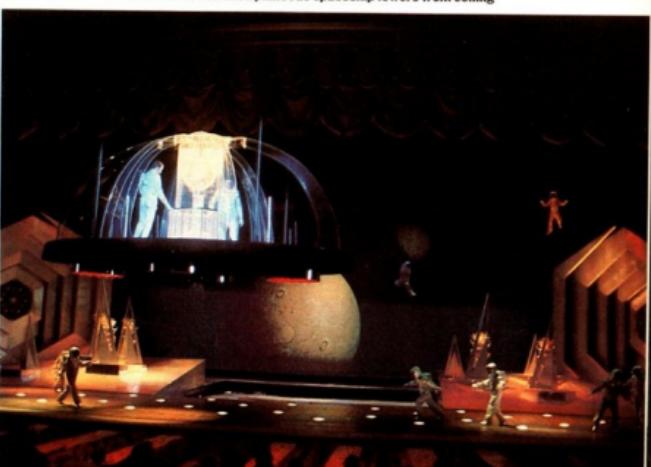
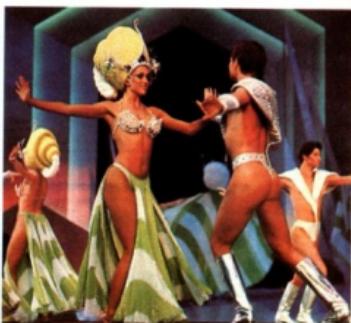
scenery elevators, San Francisco is rocked by earthquakes two shows a night



Tribute to Astaire and Rogers



Snakewoman and dancers cavort on alien planet as spaceship lowers from ceiling



B.B.: I can't be there, so we'll get Arden to line up about a hundred of them—nice tall ones or they'll look like pygmies on a three-story-high stage—and about four dozen terrific male dancers too. We need to have somebody wearing white tie, right? Then we get him to take off on some good old MGM movies, say a couple of musicals, an old Gable film, maybe an Astaire number or two.

L.B.M.: Listen, I've got a great idea. Let's show Fred and Ginger on a big screen, have the band play *I've Got You Under My Skin* and let everybody dance in G strings. What do you say to that?

B.B.: I say let's talk about special effects. What about doing *San Francisco*, earthquake and all? With all this computerized lighting and scenery elevators, we could tear the whole town down two shows a night. It would be fun to hear people gasp over something besides robots for a change.

L.B.M.: Yeah, but we gotta have some of this science fiction stuff too if we want to get the younger generation. We're not going to spare any expense, are we?

B.B.: Of course not. A really first-class G string can run as high as \$750 nowadays, and I'm figuring on 1,300 different costumes, so we're talking big money.

L.B.M.: Then let's do a space scene. Maybe lower some flying saucers from the ceiling, stage a big star war and drown the bad guys under a couple of waterfalls. With the right kind of equipment, we could pump 6,000 gallons and water down every drink in the first four rows.

B.B.: All right, but we don't want people to think we're just a couple of old geezers going crazy over props. We want to have really good dancing, lots of songs, variety acts and a nice big band.

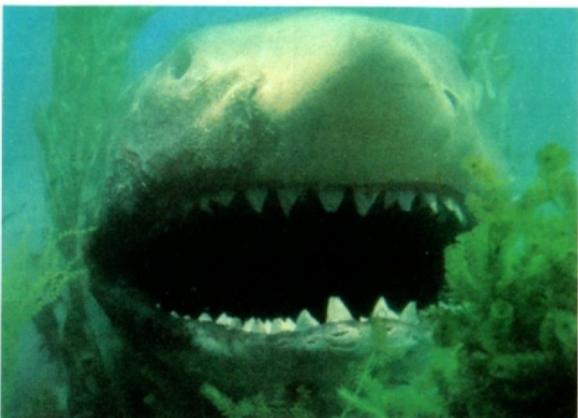
L.B.M.: Simple enough, simple enough. It'll be just like our old movies—as lavish as we can make it, as corny as they can take it and just as great as it always was. We'll take them full circle: call the casino MGM Grand Hotel and name the show *Hello, Hollywood, Hello*. Why not? Somebody has to revive Hollywood, even if they've got to go to Reno to do it. ■

Cinema

Overbite

JAWS 2

Directed by Jeannot Szwarc
Screenplay by Carl Gottlieb and
Howard Sackler



The mechanical shark heads for the beach at Amity in *Jaws 2*

The sequel is everything that the original blockbuster film was not.

Well, the big questions might as well be answered first. Is *Jaws 2* as scary as the original *Jaws*? No. Is it as much fun? No. Will it make as much money? No. Is it a total catastrophe? Not quite. What, then, is *Jaws 2*? Quite simply, it

is an almost scientific exercise in showbiz mediocrity. This smooth and passionless spectacle is too impersonal to win anyone's affection and too inoffensive to inspire hatred. It's so bland that it evaporates from memory as soon as the final credits appear on-screen. Were *Jaws 2* not a sequel to one of the most popular movies of all time, it would probably sink, without fanfare, into the briny deep of drive-in triple bills.

Jaws 2 does have a few things in common with its illustrious forebear. It cost tons of money, is set around Amity (a.k.a. Martha's Vineyard), has a score by John Williams and stars a rather petulant shark. Roy Scheider, looking unaccountably like George C. Scott after a hunger strike, is back as the local police chief, and so are a few members of the *Jaws* supporting cast (Murray Hamilton, Lorraine Gary, Jeffrey Kramer). But the crucial elements of the original have vanished: there is no wit, no genuine terror and no cinematic dazzle. The first *Jaws* was made by Steven Spielberg, a virtuoso director with a Hitchcockian ability to whip an audience into a frenzy of simultaneous delight and horror. *Jaws 2* seems to be the work of a computer that has been programmed by the same drones who used to manufacture Universal Pictures' disaster movies.

It is sad to contemplate how little imagination has gone into this effort.

Black Hole

GREASE

Directed by Randal Kleiser
Screenplay by Bronte Woodard

Even in 1972, when it was brand-new on Broadway (where it is still doing good business), *Grease* managed to look engagingly tattered and funky. It was like

an old yearbook in the carton of high school memorabilia we all keep stored somewhere in the back of our lives. But there was nothing static in the show's evolution of '50s style and slang. It moved, man, to the solid beat of a score that was capable, on occasion, of affectionately parodying the emerging rock sound of that era. *Grease* was a marvelous entertainment, mostly because it was unpre-

tentiously true to the times it briskly summed up.

The movie version is everything the play was not. In an enterprise that seems to be all mistakes, the basic one may just be that Director Randal Kleiser, who is 30, doesn't seem to know what he is talking about. He has no feel for the times when kids were trying to resolve the contradictions between an inherited style of surviving adolescence and the radically different, new possibilities. Pat Boone and Elvis Presley, the malt shop and the rock concert, the jalopy and the drag racer, white bucks and black leather jackets—for a while in the '50s, two ways of being a teen-ager existed side by side. The poignancy of *Grease* derived from that juxtaposition: Can sweet Sandy, representing the Sandra Dee side of the coin, find happiness with dangerous Danny, the dark, flip side of it? Kleiser simply flattens out this conflict. It is possible, of course, that Olivia Newton-John does not have it within her to portray a girl deeply tempted to break out of her square cultural mold, but we know that John Travolta has the stuff to do Danny wonderfully. It seems criminal not to use the stud's drive and energy he displayed in *Saturday Night Fever* or even the nicely observed rebellious indifference he delivers in *Welcome Back*.



Olivia Newton-John and John Travolta in the finale of *Grease*

The new version is everything that the hit Broadway play was not.

The rudimentary plot is set forth in a gee-whiz script that stops at nothing, including the invocation of prayers, in its pursuit of the cornball. The obligatory beach-riot scene is a crude recapitulation of the one staged by Spielberg three years ago. Instead of presenting fleshed-out characters (and actors like Robert Shaw and Richard Dreyfuss to play them), *Jaws 2* is largely populated by nubile teenagers who appear to be graduates of the Mickey Mouse Club of Dramatic Arts. When these kids meet their unsavory fates, one feels more relieved than mournful.

Director Jeannot Szwarc goes through all the motions of making a horror picture, but he fails to realize that audiences like a dose of suspense along with the carnage. In *Jaws 2*, the mechanical shark rears its fake head at virtually every appearance and attacks with predictable regularity. There may be more casualties than last time around, but more proves to be much less. The prosaic shark of *Jaws 2* becomes such a bore he might as well be a carp.

For all the film's torpor, it is not incompetent at the technical level. The stunts often look real, and one of them, involving a helicopter, actually jolts us out of our seats. But scary movies are not just technology; to come alive, they must have spirit as well as professionalism. *Jaws 2* is only a piece of pre-sold merchandise, untouched by human hands. It spouts buckets and buckets of blood, yet remains, to the bitter end, completely bloodless.

— Frank Rich

Kotter. All he is asked to do here is stand around and smile sweetly, thus leaving what amounts to a large black hole at the center of the film, into which, finally, an entire made-up universe disappears.

One is inclined to absolve Travolta since the rest of *Grease* offers abundant evidence that there was no one behind the lens capable of giving him any guidance. Some of the musical numbers are staged, for no particular reason, as white-on-white stylizations, à la *Busby Berkeley*, while others are shot realistically—and sloppily—in places like the high school lawn. Chorus members are not even given attitudes they can maintain when they are in the background of a shot. Camera work is film school simple, and movement within shots does not even reach the levels we are accustomed to in TV, whence Kleiser sprang or, more properly, stumbled. Even the lip-sync in the musical numbers is terrible. The various pop-culture icons of the '50s (Eve Arden, Sid Caesar, Eddie Byrnes, Frankie Avalon) are given nothing to say or do that is worthy of them. Still, the little shocks of recognition we feel as they make their initial appearances provide the only fleeting moments of life in a movie that has as its true subject a bygone style but is utterly devoid of that quality itself.

— Richard Schickel

Living

Europe '78: No Bargain Basement

The only thing that's cheap is getting there

Encouraged by the lowest transatlantic air fares in history, more Americans than ever are expected to visit Europe this year. But the tourist who is not on an all-inclusive package trip should tote along a jeroboam of aspirin. Relief will be needed just about every time he has to pay for a hotel room, a meal, a cup of coffee or a bottle of mineral water to wash down the medicine. The dollar's weak buying power in most European countries, further sapped by inflation in many of the places on itineraries, makes even the disco life in Manhattan or Los Angeles seem cheap. The costliest popular countries for the dollar-bearing tourist are, in descending order, Switzerland, West Germany, France, Italy and England.

Germany, where \$1 buys about 2.10 deutsche marks today, vs. four marks a decade ago, has become almost as expensive for the American as Tokyo. Beef is twice as expensive as it is in the U.S. Even in once cheap Munich, the famed liter, or *Mass*, of beer at Hofbräuhaus has quintupled in price since 1969.

At London's elegant Claridge's, the price of a double bedroom is \$112 a night. An ice cream cone in Hyde Park may cost \$1.40. At the other end of the scale, a couple from Phoenix paid \$27 in a small hotel for what they described as a "filthy" room without a toilet.

In Paris, the unsuspecting tourist may wander into a deceptively simple-looking restaurant and pay \$20 for a plate of fresh asparagus and \$217 for a bottle of Château Latour '55. The Paris Sheraton, which on the luxury scale is about equivalent to a better-class U.S. motel, charges \$90 a night for a double room. At a top restaurant in Venice or Rome, an à la carte meal for two will cost up to \$50 without cocktails or wine. A room for two at a first-class hotel averages about \$35 a night.

But the biggest jolt for Americans who plan to travel extensively abroad is the cost of intra-European airplane tickets and the use of a car. The tourist who has flown from New York City to London for \$138 finds that he must pay \$575 for a round-trip economy flight from England to Athens. In Germany, where the visitor might expect to rent a small Mercedes-Benz 200 for a reasonable sum, he will find that it costs \$82.60 a day, plus 30¢ per kilometer, plus gas, which can cost \$1.75 per gal. on an autobahn. Obviously, the U.S. tourist needs to plan his trip with pfennig-pinching, shilling-savvy, franc-squeezing acumen. If he does so, the wary wayfarer can still get a lot for his shrunken buck. Items:

► In Spain, Portugal and Greece, the dollar is actually worth more than it was last

year. Though prices have risen in these countries, they are still relatively inexpensive. For example, a comfortable double room with private bath and breakfast at a three-star Spanish hotel costs \$15.50 a night; a meal at a good average restaurant costs \$8 a person, with wine.

► The most sensible way to get around Europe is to use its incomparable railway system. The 15-hour high-speed train trip from Paris to Rome costs only \$53, plus \$7.82 for a *couchette* berth, plus \$13 for cooked-aboard dinner. Every Western European country has offices in the U.S.



Tourists at London's Savoy Hotel Grill

With the bill, a side order of aspirin.

where the tourist can buy lower-price tickets in advance. Example: for only \$115, the American who plans to visit Germany can buy a rail pass good for 16 days of unlimited travel.

► European capitals have some of the world's most efficient subway systems. For about \$10, the visitor to Paris can buy a *carte orange*, which allows unlimited travel on the Métro for 30 days.

► European stores still offer many bargains for the perspicacious visitor. In Italy, Fendi handbags and Nazareno Gabrilli shoes cost 25% less than they do in the U.S. Greece's hand-woven shoulder bags, called *tagari*, are priced at only \$7.

With forethought and on-scene thrift, Europe can still be affordable and memorable. The small hotels and offbeat restaurants can be as pleasant as any in the world. But don't forget the aspirin. ■

Books

A Formidable and Unique Austerity

THE LEFT-HANDED WOMAN by Peter Handke
Translated by Ralph Manheim; Farrar, Straus & Giroux; 89 pages; \$7.95

Austrian Peter Handke, 35, first achieved fame in Europe as a flamboyantly avant-garde dramatist. His best-known play, *Offending the Audience*, did just that: insulted by the actors' dialogue and by the evident purposelessness of their actions, spectators stormed the stage when the drama was produced in Frankfurt. Handke's reputation in America is altogether more modest and is chiefly based on four novels that are less strident than his plays but every bit as puzzling and unsettling. *The Left-Handed Woman*, a novella, will provoke more admiration and head scratching.

Precious few incidents occur. Mar-

ianne, 30, decides that Bruno, her well-to-do executive husband, will some day leave her, so she throws him out on the spot. Then she takes long walks through nearby woods, through an unnamed West German city and through the halls and rooms of her rented house. A friend asks her to join what seems to be a women's consciousness-raising group, but Marianne does not. She works at a translation of a French book about a woman trying to achieve independence; if there is a message here for Marianne, she does not get it. Friends, relatives, and casual acquaintances gather round her and then disperse as aimlessly as they came. At the end, the woman is virtually catatonic.

Handke refuses to embroider this minimal plot in any of the usual ways. Marianne does not ruminant in an interesting or even terribly coherent manner about her situation. Other characters tell her that she may come to a bad end but do not say why. There is no fancy writing to divert the eye or the mind. Translator Ralph Manheim captures an English equivalent of Handke's German prose: dry, simple and spare, as if the author were trying to strip language of as much resonance as possible. Even forward momentum is thwarted; the story is chopped into segments, some hardly more than snippets: "On a cold morning the woman sat in a rocking chair on the terrace, but she wasn't rocking. The child stood beside her, watching the clouds of vapor that came out of his mouth. The woman looked into the distance; the pines were reflected in the window behind her."

Added to these oddities is dialogue that frequently sounds like a parody of existential mauldering. Marianne talks to her father: "Does the time still hang as heavy on your hands as when you were young?" One of her friends approaches a stranger and remarks, "Why don't you join a political party?" By all rights, posturing or off-center exchanges such as these should make a mockery of the whole enterprise.

They do not. Handke's techniques only seem casual, even haphazard; in truth, they are rigorously philosophical. His power stems from the very limitations he clamps on his art. While refusing to spell out anything other than rudiments, he hints at vast areas of life that are beyond the power of words to express or minds to grasp. By the standards of conventional fiction, his characters are little more than ciphers, but



Peter Handke

Much admiration and head scratching.

Excerpt

On his way out Bruno shook his head and said, "You take it so lightly . . . Do you even remember that there was once a closeness between us that may have been based on the fact of our being man and wife but went far beyond it?"

The woman shut the door behind him and stood there. She heard the car driving off; she went to the coatrack beside the door and thrust her head in among the coats.

As the dusk deepened, the woman did not turn on the light but sat looking at the television screen. Their set had a special channel for watching the colony playground. The silent black-and-white image revealed her son balancing himself on a tree trunk, while his fat friend kept falling off; except for the two of them, the playground was forsaken. The woman's eyes glistened with tears. " "

they arouse considerable interest and sympathy simply by facing up to the ominous atmosphere that pervades their lives. If something terrible has not already happened to them, it will. They shrug, say silly, inadequate things and go on.

Handke's combination of Kafka's elemental terror and Wittgenstein's linguistic austerity is both formidable and unique. Certainly no one of note now writing in the U.S. works in his mode. Distinctly imports, his books are thus something of an acquired taste. As this short, haunting tale proves again, that taste is well worth pursuing. — Paul Gray

Notable

SUPERPEN
by Edward Sorel
Random House; \$8.95

Objects for acidulous social criticism can be counted on the fingers of one hand. The hand belongs to Edward Sorel, a chiaroscuro cartoonist in the merciless tradition of Daumier and Thomas Nast. With a pen dipped in corrosive sublimate, Sorel uncovers the Presidents from Harry Truman as a Keystone Kop to Jimmy Carter in the throes of a scatological tantrum. No one is safe from Sorel: he skewers Arabs and Zionists, harpoons Cardinal Cooke and Billy Graham, lampoons the Jerry Lewis telethon: "Maybe some day science will find a cure for Multiple No-Talent." Sorel's style is best when it reveals the foibles of its subject graphically: Gloria Steinem as a knight in tar-

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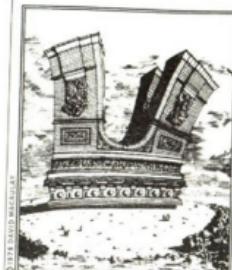
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Books



Left, *Arc de Defeat*; top, David Macaulay; bottom, Edward Sorel; right, Woody Allen



THOMAS MELVILLE



nished *amour*, Scoop Jackson as a sheriff with a beltful of missiles. Woody Allen as Satan. His critiques of the Watergaters lean too heavily on the obscene—but then, so did the malefactors.

**GREAT MOMENTS
IN ARCHITECTURE**
by David Macaulay
Houghton Mifflin; \$11.95

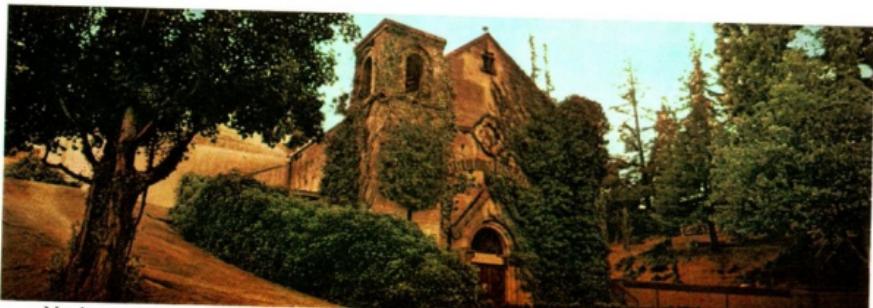
After Sorel's frontal assaults, David Macaulay's *Great Moments in Architecture* seems gentility itself. But within its spiderweb style, a donnish whimsy

examines the excesses of this and other centuries and finds them wanton. Archaeologists uncover the ruins of a rudimentary civilization: a partially excavated fast-food restaurant with the French fries still intact. An inflatable cathedral is invented for tourists who want a distinguished setting at a moment's notice. The secret of the Pyramids is revealed: the ancient Egyptians wanted to sharpen their giant razor blades. Macaulay, a prizewinning children's book author and illustrator, likes to turn things upside down—literally: his *Arc de Defeat* is only an *arc de triomphe*

on its back. But his best work is a surreal anachronism that demands a double take, like the group of men on a plain puzzling over terrain and blueprints. "Early Work," says the caption, "on the Grand Canyon."

RUSSIAN THINKERS
by Isaiah Berlin
Viking; 312 pages; \$14.95

"The fox knows many things," the Greek poet Archilochus wrote in one of his fragments. "The hedgehog knows one big thing." Sir Isaiah Berlin, the political philosopher, used that enigmatic formula as the framework for one of the most luminous essays of the century. *The Hedgehog and the Fox*, a study of Tolstoy first published in 1951. Berlin divided the world's writers and thinkers into two categories. The hedgehogs (men like Dante, Plato, Lucretius, Pascal, Hegel, Dostoevsky, Nietzsche) are monists; they organize their universe into a central vision, one comprehensive principle. The foxes (Shakespeare, Herodotus, Aristotle, Montaigne, Erasmus, Molière, Goethe, Pushkin, Balzac, Joyce, for example) are pluralists pursuing many unrelated, even contradictory ends, moving simultaneously on many different levels. *The Hedgehog and the Fox* is one of eleven articles and lectures collected in *Rus-*



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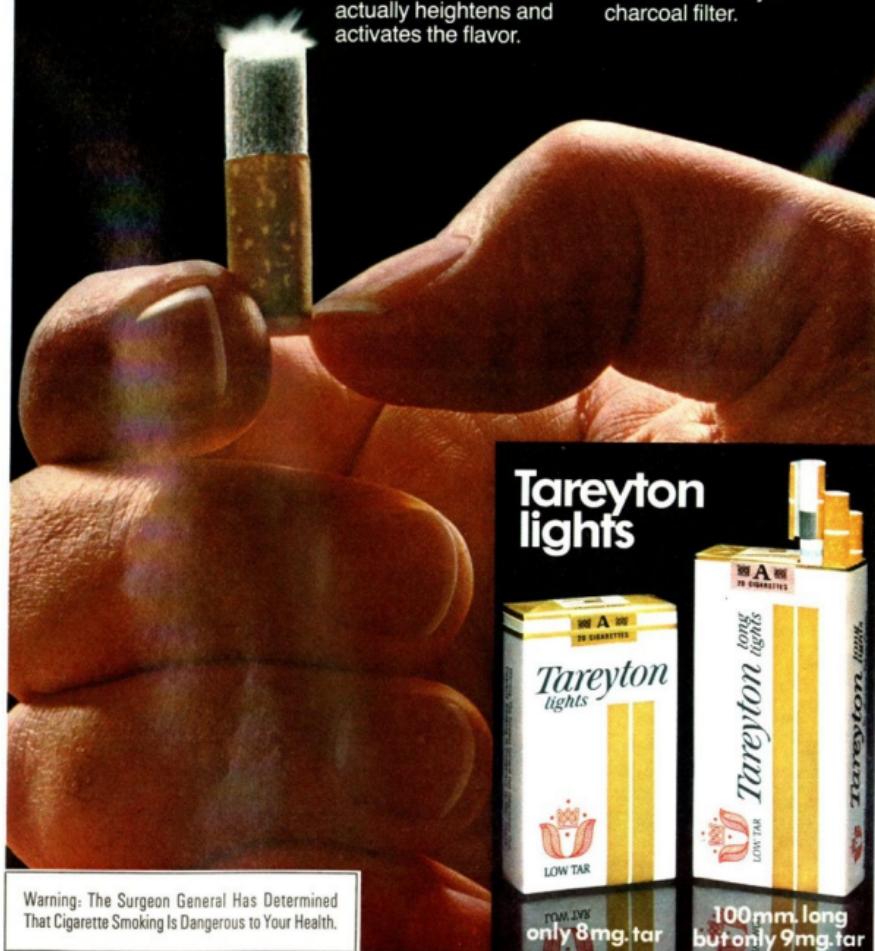
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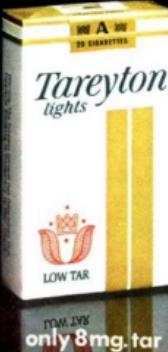
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Books

sian Thinkers, the first of four projected volumes of his selected writings. Although the subjects (Tolstoy, Turgenev, Bakunin, Belinsky, Herzen) were creatures of the 19th century, Berlin's acute intellect addresses one of the most difficult questions of the 20th: Are men so hungry for deterministic utopias, for the comfort of all-encompassing systems, that they reject the insecurities of the fox's diverse world for the awful predictability of totalitarian structures?

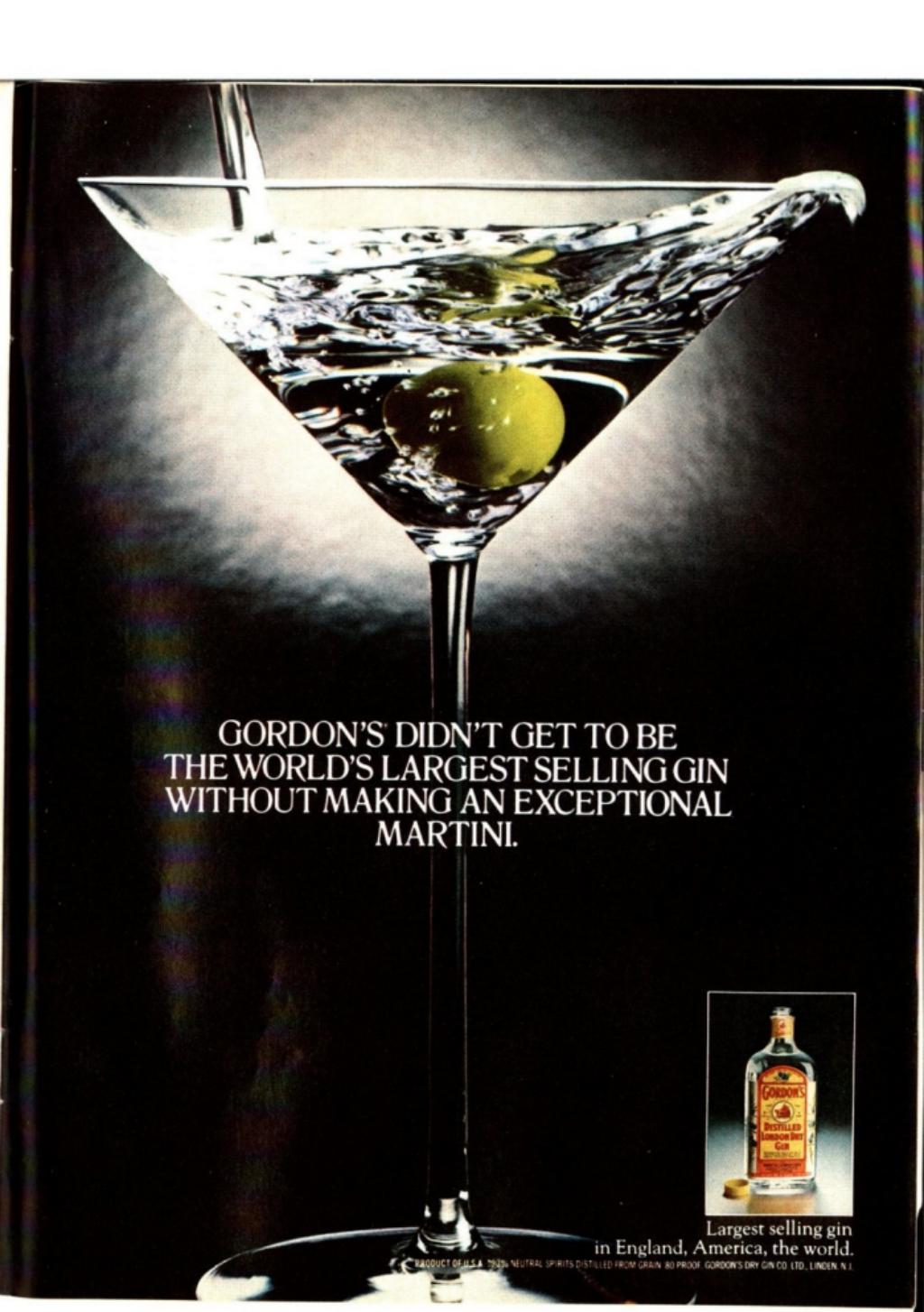


Left, Sir Isaiah Berlin; right, M.F.K. Fisher

A CONSIDERABLE TOWN
by M.F.K. Fisher
Knopf: 208 pages; \$8.95

Not everyone loves Marseille, but to its aficionados it is one of the world's most beguiling cities: brutal, beautiful, indestructible. M.F.K. Fisher, who first visited Marseille in 1929 and has been returning there as often as possible ever since, is haunted by the place. She calls the city *insolite*, an indefinable French word meaning, well, indefinable. Yet she does manage to catch the essential, elusive Marseille: its smells (mostly fish, wine and paint); its sounds (church bells, ships' sirens, the howl of the mistral); its institutions, terrain, architecture and people.

As befits one of America's most elegant writers about food, she has compiled loving evocations of great restaurants, memorable meals and, particularly, the briny-fresh seafood: sardines, sea urchins and shrimps that pass in mighty shoals each night through the city's venerable fish market. The author is also a shrewd observer of the turf, from the garish 1,000-year-old Canebière, the broad boulevard known to generations of English-speaking sailors as the "Can o' Beer," to the Old Port and Notre Dame de la Garde, "the Old Gold Lady up on the hill." Fisher is at her wisest and most amusing as an observer of the Marseillais, those dark, stocky descendants of every Mediterranean race. Their women are among the most fascinating in the world, with their harsh, deep voices, tough yet utterly feminine manners and smooth,



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Books

ageless skins. Their abiding strength and sensuality. Fisher speculates, may be the result of a lifelong diet of Provençal tomatoes and olive oil.

THE LAST CONVERTIBLE

by Anton Myrer
Putnam, 526 pages; \$10.95

The girls are all golden, the young men bright and witty, the places and pleasures romantically patrician in a mode made familiar by Scott Fitzgerald in *This Side of Paradise*. The boys ride to their destinies from Fox Entry at Harvard in a green 1938 Packard convertible. One is a French aristocrat; another becomes a famous writer; a third accompanies J.F.K. to power. Myrer tells a good, melancholy, unabashedly nostalgic yarn about the World War II generation that became as lost as any Fitzgerald ever chronicled.

There is, however, nothing romantic about the battle sequences, staccato nightmares interrupting Myrer's peacetime prose; nothing patrician about the terror and tragedy of the polio epidemic of 1952. If the narrator waxes a little too lush about a girl they all loved ("seeing her you thought of sunlight dancing on water"), that's the way certain young men thought then. If he talks to his car, well, they did that too. Songs as they have become for most Americans, are the group's Proustian *madeleines*, keys that unlock pertinent moments of the past ("clearings in the fog, on the high ground") that punctuate time. The radio is on, the top is down, the breeze is warm—and it is a nifty ride all the way.



Anton Myrer

STAINED GLASS
by William F. Buckley Jr.
Doubleday, 232 pages; \$8.95

Journalist Bill Buckley likes it out in the cold, out where the Red menace blows. Novelist Buckley finds the world more ambiguous. His new espionage thriller stars the Buckley-like hero Blackford Oakes. He is the same CIA man of the author's previous novel, *Saving the Queen*. The time of *Stained Glass* is 1952, the place West Germany: the plot backlights



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Bahamas

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scotch.”



Books

Buckley's faith in Western culture and his embattled vision of its decline in an age of nuclear realism and deterrence.

Blacky's mission is an adventure in moral decision. He is sent to West Germany to assassinate Count Axel Wintergrin, a low-key Wagnerian hero who runs against Konrad Adenauer on a platform to reunite the two Germanys. Speaking "quietly about the genuine idealism of the German people," Wintergrin heads to victory.

The Russians are anxious, the Americans and their NATO allies terrified. If Wintergrin should win the election, they reason, Stalin might launch divisions against Berlin. So Blacky finds himself planted at Count Wintergrin's estate, ostensibly there as a U.S. Government engineer. He comes to respect the count, and bed a Russian woman who is his Soviet counterpart. He also must struggle to make a separate peace between his job and his conscience.

Oakes may echo the author's own views, but he is also a character strong enough to carry political freight through a well-paced entertainment. For his part, Buckley hefts an unfashionable yet still impressive sword of honor.



William Buckley and Doris Lessing

STORIES

by Doris Lessing
Knopf, 626 pages: \$15

Doris Lessing's artistry is demonstrated over and over in this generous collection of 35 stories. Her celebrated equipment is on display: the painter's eye for telling visual detail—kitchen calendar decorated with faded yellow roses, an old woman's room stuffed with bits of lace, embroidery and secondhand clothes. Her scene-setting affinity for nature rivals Colette's: "The birds, dodging plentiful cats, snapped off each new blade of grass as it appeared, and slashed the crocuses with their beaks."

Lessing, whose more than 15 novels and collections of short stories include the incomparable *Golden Notebook* and the *Children of Violence* series, is at her best charting the ironic, labyrinthine turns in human relations. Judith, the spinsterish scholar of *Our Friend Judith*, masks a classic beauty in drab, baggy cords; she

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—Ira Levin, author of "The Boys from Brazil"

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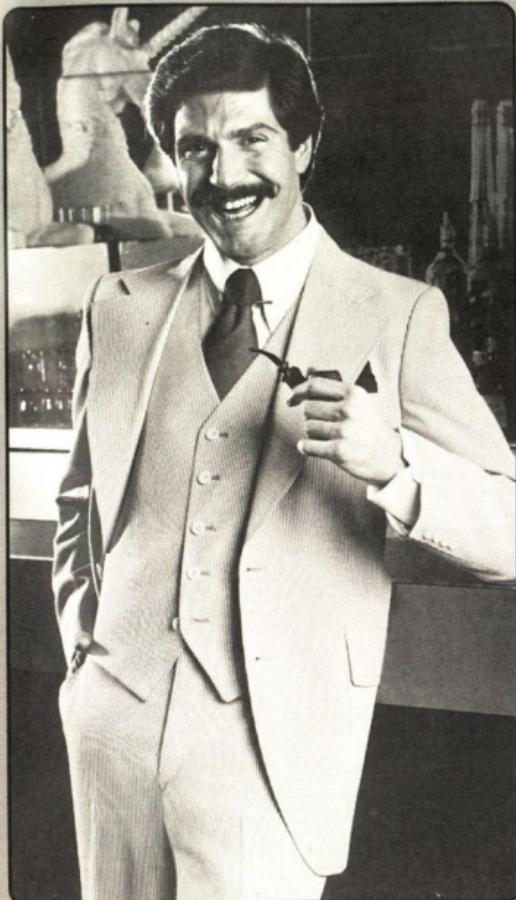
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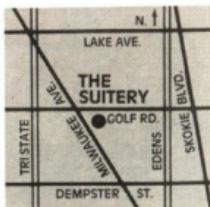
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Books

"does not smoke or drink, and eats very little, from preference, not self-discipline." The working-class heroine of *The Other Woman*, imbued with the notion that "women should be independent," spurns a lover to stay with her widowed father: "The tears were pouring down her face, but she wiped them impatiently away and bent to the oven." Lessing's cast includes an English couple on holiday in Germany, a famous journalist undergoing a crisis, a mother of four craving total, inviolable anonymity, a 16-year-old boy navigating the treacherous crossing from childhood to adulthood. All possess a riveting presence, shaded by stoicism, hysteria, fortitude and a range of human responses; each is captured and illuminated in her supple, evocative prose.

Said a stuntman from
Beverly Hills,
While relaxing between
several spills,
"I'd rather read PEOPLE
Than jump from a steeple.
For, quite frankly, it
offers more thrills!"

Editors' Choice

FICTION: Airships, Barry Hannah
Final Payments, Mary Gordon
Mortal Friends, James Carroll
Picture Palace, Paul Theroux • The
New Oxford Book of English Light
Verse, edited by Kingsley Amis • The
World According to Garp, John
Irving

NONFICTION: A Place for Noah, Josh
Greenfeld • A Savage War of Peace,
Alistair Horne • Other People's
Letters, Mina Curtiss • Samuel
Beckett, Deirdre Bair • Scribble,
Scribble, Nora Ephron • The Gulag
Archipelago III, Alexander
Solzhenitsyn

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The Holcroft Covenant, Ludlum (last week)
2. Bloodline, Sheldon (2)
3. The Human Factor, Greene (3)
4. Scruples, Krantz (4)
5. Stained Glass, Buckley (6)
6. The World According to Garp, Irving (7)
7. The Thorn Birds, McCullough (5)
8. The Last Convertible, Myer (8)
9. Kalki, Vidal (9)
10. The Women's Room, French

NONFICTION

1. If Life Is a Bowl of Cherries—
What Am I Doing in the Pits?,
Bombbeck (1)
2. The Complete Book of Running,
Fixx (2)
3. Pulling Your Own Strings, Dyer (3)
4. My Mother: Myself, Friday (4)
5. RN: The Memoirs of Richard
Nixon, Nixon (5)
6. Metropolitan Life, Lebowitz (9)
7. Adrienne Arpel's 3-Week Crash
Makeover: Shapeover Beauty
Program, Arpel with Ebenstein (8)
8. Gnomes, Huygen & Poortvliet (10)
9. The Mother Book, Smith
(9)
10. Running and Being, Sheehan (7)

People
weekly

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TIME, JUNE 19, 1978

Milestones

MARRIED. John Osborne, 48, English playwright (*Inadmissible Evidence*) and screenwriter (*Tom Jones*); and Helen Dawson, 36, a sometime drama critic; he for the fifth time, she for the first; in Tunbridge Wells, England.

DIED. Jorge de Sena, 58, Portugal's most distinguished contemporary man of letters; of cancer; in Santa Barbara, Calif. A brilliant essayist and a caustic, iconoclastic poet who addressed universal rather than personal concerns, Sena wrote over 100 scholarly books as well as twelve volumes of poetry and three volumes of plays. In 1959 he left Portugal to teach in Brazil and in 1965 moved to the U.S., where he became head of the department of comparative literature at the University of California, Santa Barbara.

DIED. Joseph M. Montoya, 62, former Democratic Senator from New Mexico who as a member of the Watergate committee won dubious distinction for his mechanical, repetitive questioning of witnesses; of liver disease; in Washington. Known fondly throughout the Spanish farming towns of New Mexico as "the barefoot boy from Peña Blanca," Montoya at 21 became the youngest representative in the state's history. During a long political career that took him to the U.S. Senate in 1964, he compiled a liberal voting record and showed a flair for steering federal project funds to the state, particularly under the auspices of his Public Works and Economic Development Act. He also became a millionaire. In 1975 his popularity waned when he was accused of accepting preferential IRS treatment, and a year later he lost his Senate seat to former Astronaut Harrison Schmitt.

DIED. Norris Goff, 72, the stumblebum Abner of radio's long-running comedy series, *Lum and Abner*; following a stroke; in Palm Desert, Calif. Goff and his homespun partner, Chester Lauck, sauntered into an Arkansas radio audition in 1931 to find their blackface routine pre-empted by other contestants. Unfazed, they improvised a banter between two old back-country proprietors of the Jot 'Em Down general store and soon reached the national air waves, where they performed regularly until their retirement in 1955.

DIED. Karl F. Herzfeld, 86, theoretical physicist whose explanation of the molecular absorption of sound launched a new field of scientific research and contributed to the development of lasers; following a stroke; in Washington. After serving in the Austrian army in World War I, Herzfeld taught at the University of Munich, where his students included future Nobel Prize winners Erwin Schrödinger, Wolfgang Pauli and Werner Heisenberg. Herzfeld came to the U.S. in 1926, taught at both Johns Hopkins and Catholic University and did major work on crystal dynamics, optics and the theory of liquids.



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Sport

Claiming Their Triple Crown

Steve Cauthen and Affirmed win the Belmont and the title

They did it. The kid and the colt, Steve Cauthen and Affirmed, became the eleventh winners of the Triple Crown of American Thoroughbred racing last Saturday by taking one of the most thrilling races in the history of the sport. They measured up to the demanding 1½-mile Belmont Stakes—"test of the champions"—and moved into the most select circle of racing royalty. Affirmed's honor was made grander still by the rousing challenge of his gallant rival, Alydar, who shadowed Harbor View Farm's chestnut in lockstep around the graceful, sweeping turns and down the long, open straightaways of New York's Belmont Park. At the wire, Affirmed won this race of matchless drama by a head.

The five-horse field got away cleanly, Cauthen steering Affirmed into an immediate, if slow-paced lead. Alydar's trainer, John Veitch, had feared a repeat of Affirmed's easy gallop on the lead at the Preakness and planned to up the pace if Cauthen tried to lop off with the race once more. Said Veitch: "Alydar will be Affirmed's shadow."

And so he was. On the second turn, with slightly less than a mile to run, Jockey Jorge Velasquez moved Alydar up on the outside and parked his big, handsome colt on Affirmed's right shoulder. Down the long backstretch the two colts ran stride for stride, coats glistening in the bright sun, their jockeys watching and waiting for the big move to the finish. The field was already left far behind. Affirmed and Alydar flew out of the final turn and into the home stretch, driving for the wire, joined in desperate struggle. With $\frac{1}{16}$ of a mile to go, Alydar pushed in front by a nose, but Affirmed, running now on heart, reclaimed the lead with 20 yds. left. They thundered home, two great colts running in splendor. When it was over, Steve Cauthen put the dimensions of their duel with eloquent simplicity: "This was a horse race."

By winning the Belmont, Affirmed added \$110,580 to his purses, raising his total winnings to \$1,133,807. He is the youngest millionaire in racing history. His victory came a year and a day after Seattle Slew won his crown. The two colts are the first back-to-back Triple Crown

winners in racing history, and, with Secretariat (1973), the second and third in six seasons. The remarkable conjunction marks a halcyon period for the three-year-olds' classics. Eleven years passed between the first winner, Sir Barton (1919), and Gallant Fox (1930); a full quarter-century separated the triumphs of Citation (1948) and Secretariat.

The odds on a colt's matching the demands of the Triple Crown are long enough to fire larceny in a bettor's soul and break a breeder's heart. Almost 30,000 Thoroughbreds are foaled annu-

ally on North American farms, but only about 3% ever win a stakes race, much less one of the Triple Crown races. Breeding Thoroughbreds is far from an exact science. Says Brownell Combs II, the manager of Spendthrift Farms, regularly one of the tops in the sport: "You breed the best mare you can possibly get to the best stallion you can possibly get and then you hope for the best." And Combs adds: "Breeding Thoroughbreds is like rolling dice."

The grind of training and racing takes a further toll. The Triple Crown is contested on three different tracks at three different distances during a five-week period. The strain on the horses is enormous. Says Trainer T.J. Kelly: "Sure, every horse is bred to be a champion. But it's like they say, 'Many are called, but few

are chosen.' There's a lot that can happen to a horse, and even the best can't run if he's injured."

Great horses have run brilliantly, only to have bad racing luck ruin their claims to the crown. The most notable: Native Dancer, whose single loss in 22 races came in the 1953 Kentucky Derby. The galvanic gray colt, the first racehorse TV celebrity, was bumped on the clubhouse turn at Churchill Downs and then had his running room blocked as the field came into the final stretch. He was beaten by a neck. In other years, outstanding colts have killed off one another's hopes. Swaps won the Derby in 1955, but Nashua took the Preakness and the Belmont. Two years later, Iron Liege, Bold Ruler and Gallant Man each won a leg of the Crown. Sham ran the 1973 Derby in a time that

was the second-fastest ever clocked in the event—only to lose by $2\frac{1}{2}$ lengths to Secretariat, the record setter.

And some truly remarkable horses never had a shot at the title. Man o' War was not entered in the Derby (Triple Crown fever did not grip the horse world in 1920), although he did win both the Preakness and Belmont stakes. Kelso, slow to develop, did not run in the trio of races in 1960, but he matured magnificently as the season went on and was named Horse of the Year after his victories in the fall. He was to win that title four more times.

Affirmed's achievement is all the more remarkable because of the relentless opposition of Alydar. Not since the great rivalry between Swaps and Nashua have two such outstanding colts competed head to head so spectacularly. Their struggle began in June 1977, when the

two-year-olds met over $5\frac{1}{2}$ -furlongs at Belmont. Affirmed won. Three weeks later Alydar came home in front. When their owners brought them to the show down last weekend, the two colts had chased one another for a year in eight races at five tracks scattered across three states. Affirmed had won six of the eight, but the margin between the two was incredibly thin. After $7\frac{1}{16}$ miles of racing, Affirmed led Alydar by a total of three lengths—just $\frac{1}{3}$ of a second of furious running. Affirmed's lead in the Belmont was the briefest flicker of a second. Close, but enough. With Steve Cauthen urging him on last weekend, Affirmed showed again that he was a champion that deserved the Triple Crown—a young horse and a young rider winning glory together in the spring of 1978.



Cauthen waving in triumph after riding Affirmed to victory

A dramatic struggle decided by a flicker of a second.

5 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRSH WALKER IMPORTERS INC.
DETROIT, MICH. 40.8 PROOF-BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY. © 1978

Bonnie and Clyde led us on a wild chase to the site of their last known hideout. Nearby we hid a case of Canadian Club.

It had been 44 years since Bonnie Parker and Clyde Barrow sped through this northern Louisiana wilderness on their last run from the law. Tracking their legend even now is a wild and wooly chase over lonesome red clay roads which run deep in tangled pine forests.

We met folks who'd seen them.

Finally our search led to where an old squatter's cabin had once stood. Bonnie and Clyde were known to have holed up here in their last days, and local folks told us they'd seen the two lurking hereabout back in '34. So having found the long-lost hideout, we trekked into the brush and buried a case of Canadian Club.

Start at "the end of the trail."

To find that C.C., start your trail exactly where Bonnie and Clyde's ended. Find the road they took to their fateful rendezvous with the law — and head in the opposite direction, all the way to



Bonnie and Clyde.

the next parish. Go past the "three R's" place, and where David's lad abides, turn onto a red dirt road. At the black gold storage place, head north.

Look for a warning.

Two hard left turns and a short drive will bring you to an old sawmill. Continue till you are warned about digging and stop (if you're warned more than once, you've gone too far). On your right is an overgrown trail. Follow it to two former money-makers. From one of them, take a bearing of 160 degrees, and take a pace for each of the 120 years people have been enjoying Canadian Club. Now take 44 more in any direction but the one you've come from to where three stumps form a triangle.

We hope you brought ice and glasses, for within that triangle, just one foot down, lie 12 bottles of the world's finest tasting whisky. But if the rigors of the hunt seem too great, you can find the same great taste at your favorite tavern or package store by simply saying, "C.C., please."



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Brand M	8	0.6
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